

*Principles* A *Elizabeth*

# POETICAL DICTIONARY;

OR, THE

BEAUTIES of the ENGLISH POETS,

ALPHABETICALLY DISPLAYED.

CONTAINING

THE MOST CELEBRATED PASSAGES

in the following Authors, viz.

SHAKESPEAR,  
JOHNSON,  
DRYDEN,  
LEE,  
OTWAY,  
BEAUMONT,  
FLETCHER,  
LANSDOWNE,  
BUTLER,  
SOUTHERNE,  
ADDISON,  
POPE,  
GAY,

GARTH,  
ROWE,  
YOUNG,  
THOMPSON,  
MALLET,  
ARMSTRONG,  
FRANCIS,  
WARTON,  
WHITEHEAD,  
MASON,  
GRAY,  
AKENSIDE,  
SMART, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for J. NEWBERRY, J. RICHARDSON, S. CROWDER  
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CASLON, J. COOTE, and G. KEARSLEY.

MDCCLXI.



APPROPRIATELY DISPLAYED.  
BEAUTIES OF THE ENGLISH POETS.  
OF THE

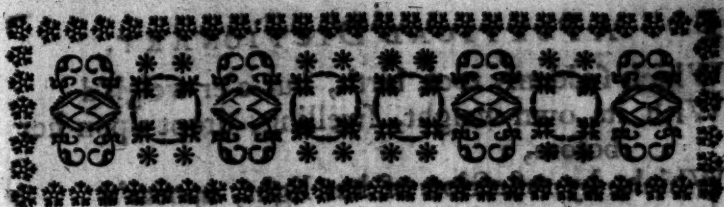
THE MOST CHIEFLY NOTED PASSAGES  
CONTAINING  
in the following Authors, viz.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

Cotton, J. Goote, and O. Kharabov.

and Col. T. Longman, T. Davis, R. Sviridov, I.  
Plated for J. Mawarax, J. Eridon-tson, G. Chomarov

MDCLXII.



As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament;  
 After her looks grew cheerful, and I saw  
 A smile & tear gracefully upward from her eyes,  
 As if they had gain'd a victory o'er grief;  
 And with it many beams sent forth themselves,  
 Upon whose wings the angels were to fly.

## POETICAL

## DICTIONARY



I have great comfort from this fellow;  
 He thinks he hath no better mark upon him;  
 His complexion is perfect yellow.

**F.**

**FACE.**

**R**EAD o'er the volume of his lovely face,  
 And find delight writ there with beauty's  
 pen:

Examine every several lineament,  
 And what obscure in this fair volume lies,  
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.

*Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.*

So sweet a face, harmless, so intent  
 Upon her prayers, it frosted my devotion  
 To gaze on her; 'till by degrees I took  
 Her fair idea, thro' my covetous eye  
 Into my heart, and knew not how to ease  
 It since of th' impression:  
 Her eye did seem to labour with a tear

Vol. II.

B

Which

Which suddenly took birth, but o'er weigh'd  
With its own weight, swelling, dropt upon her  
bosom,

Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd  
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament;  
After her looks grew chearful, and I saw  
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,  
As if they had gain'd a victory over grief;  
And with it many beams twist'd themselves,  
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk  
To and again from heaven.

*Shirley's Brothers.*

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? how pale the looks,  
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

*Shakespear's Henry VIII.*

I have great comfort from this fellow;  
Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him;  
His complexion is perfect gallows.  
Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging,  
Make the rope of his destiny our cable,  
For our own doth little advantage:  
If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is mis-  
erable.

*Shakespear's Tempest.*

## F A C T I O N.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,  
The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave;  
The quaint smooth rogue, that sins 'gainst his  
reason,  
Calls saucy loud sedition publick zeal:  
And mutiny the dictates of his spirit.

*Orway's Orphan.*

Seldom



## A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

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Seldom is faction's ire in haughty minds  
Extinguish'd but by death, it oft like flame  
Suppress'd, breaks forth again, and blazes higher.

*May's Henry II.*

Faction, a restless and repining fiend,  
Curdles their blood and gnaws upon their mind.  
Offspring of Chaos, enemy to form,  
By whose destructive arts the world is torn.  
She taught the giants to attempt the sky,  
And Jove's avenging thunder to defy.  
She rais'd the hand and struck the fatal blow,  
Which martyr'd Jove's vicegerent here below;  
She still pursues him with relentless hate,  
Arraigns his memory and insults his fate;  
'Tis she, that would for ev'ry slight offence,  
Depose a just and valuable prince.  
That wou'd usurpers for their treason crown,  
'Till time and vengeance drag them headlong  
down.

*Shippen's Faction Display'd.*

## F A I R I E S.

About this spring, if antient fame say true.  
The dapper elves their moon-light sports renew;  
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,  
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,  
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,  
And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

*Pope's January and May.*

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,  
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms:  
Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,  
A grove of needles glitter in the air;  
Loose in the winds, small ribbon streamers flow,  
Dipt in all colours of the heav'nly bow,

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And the gay host, that now its march pursues,  
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

*Tickel's Kensington Gardens.*

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,  
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown,  
The king of elves, and little fairy queen,  
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry green:  
And where the jolly troop had led the round,  
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:  
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver light  
Of Phoebe serv'd to guide their steps aright,  
And with their tripping pleas'd prolong'd the  
night.

Her beams they follow'd, where at first she play'd,  
Not longer than she shod her horns she stay'd;  
From thence with airy flight to distant parts con-  
vey'd.

Above the rest our Britain held they dear,  
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,  
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd  
half the year.

I speak of antient times, for now the swain  
Returning late, may pass the woods in vain,  
And never hope to see the nightly train.

In vain the dairy now with mint is dress'd,

The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest.

To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.

She sighs, for ah! shakes her shoes in vain.

No silver penny to reward her pain. *Dryden.*

Now from each host the eager warriors start,

And furious Albion sings his hasty dart:

'Twas feather'd from the bees transparent wing,

And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting;

But, toss'd in rage, it flew without a wound,

High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground. *Not*

Not so Azuriel's: with unerring aim,  
 Too near the needle-pointed jav'lin came,  
 Drove thro' the sevenfold shield and filken vest,  
 And lightly raz'd the lover's ivory breast.  
 Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,  
 With his keen sword, he cleaves his fairy foe;  
 Sheer from the shoulder to the waste he cleaves,  
 And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.  
 His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,  
 But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er:  
 So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,  
 Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain;  
 But empyreal forms, how'er in fight,  
 Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.  
 As some frail cup of China's purest mold,  
 With azure varnish'd, and bedrop'd with gold,  
 Tho' broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands,  
 In its old strength and pristine beauty stands;  
 The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,  
 And holds secure the coffee's sable waves:  
 So did Azuriel's arm, if fame say true,  
 Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew;  
 And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,  
 Plung'd the curs'd sabre, in his heart's warm blood.

*Tickell's Kensington Gardens.*

Now priests with prayer and other godly geery  
 Have made the merry goblins disappear,  
 And where they play'd their merry pranks before,  
 Have sprinkled holy water on the floor.  
 And friars that through the wealthy regions run,  
 Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,  
 Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,  
 And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls;  
 This makes the fairy choirs forsake the place,  
 When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace.



But in the walks where wicked elves have been,  
 The learning of the parish now is seen,  
 The midnight parson posting o'er the green  
 With gown tuck'd up, to wakes; for Sunday next,  
 With humming ale encouraging his text,  
 Nor wants the holy leet to country girl betwixt.  
 From fiends and imps he sets the village free,  
 There haunts not any incubus but he.  
 The maids and women need no danger fear  
 To walk by night, and sanctity so near;  
 For by some hay-cock, or some shady thorn,  
 He bids his beads both even song and morn.

*Dryden's Wife of Bath.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit, whither wander you?

*Fair.* Over hill, over dale,  
 Thro' bush, thro' briar,  
 Over park, over pale,  
 Thro' flood, thro' fire,  
 I do wander ev'ry where,  
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
 And I serve the fairy queen,  
 To dew her orbs upon the green;  
 The cowslips tall, her pensioners be,  
 In their gold coats spots you see,  
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
 In those freckles live their favours.  
 I must go seek some few drops here,  
 And hang a pearl in ev'ry cowslip's ear.  
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll begone,  
 Our queen and all her fairy elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night,

Take heed the queen come not within his sight.  
 Now they never meet in grove, or green,  
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,  
 But they do square, that all their elves for fear  
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

*Fair.*

*Fair.* Or I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,  
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he  
That fright the maidens of the villageree,  
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,  
And bootless make the breathless housewife's  
churn :

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,  
Mislead night wand'ers laughing at their harm?  
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck,  
Are not you he ?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;  
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:  
I jest to Oberon and make him smile,  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly-foal;  
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab,  
And when she drinks, 'gainst her lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and swear,  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

*Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Come now a roundel and a fairy song;  
Then for the third part of the midnight; hence;  
Some to kill cankers, in the musk-rose buds,  
Some war with rear-mice for their leather wings,  
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back  
The clam'rous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders  
At our quaint sports.

*Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.*

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Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
At whose approach ghosts wand'ring here and  
there,

Troop home to church-yards; damn'd spirits all,  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone,  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon.  
They wilfully exile themselves from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-ey'd night.  
But we are spirits of another sort;

I with the morning light have oft made sport,  
And like a forester the groves may tread,  
Ev'n 'till th' eastern gale, all fiery red,  
Op'ning on Neptune, with far blessing beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

*Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and  
groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase th' ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you, whose  
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid  
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd  
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar; graves at my command  
Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth  
By my so potent art.

*Shakespeare's Tempest.*



# A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

Oft fairy elves,  
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side  
 As fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while o'er head the moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
 Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and  
 dance  
 Intent with jocund music, charm his ear;  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

*Milton.*

## F A I T H.

Thus with short plummet heav'n's deep will be  
 found,  
 That vast abyfs where human wit is drown'd;  
 In our small skiff we must not launch too far;  
 We here but coasters, not discoverers are.  
 Faith's necessary rules are plain and few,  
 We, many, and those needless rules pursue:  
 Faith from our hearts into our heads we drive,  
 And make religion all contemplative.  
 You, on heav'n's will may witty glosses feign;  
 But that which I must practice here is plain.  
 If the all great decree her life to spare,  
 He will the means, without my crime prepare.

*Dryden's Royal Martyr.*

If for religion you our lives will take,  
 You do not the offenders find, but make.  
 All faiths are to their own believers just;  
 For none believe, because they will, but must.  
 Faith is a force from which there's no defence,  
 Because the reason it does first convince;  
 And reason conscience into fetters brings,  
 And conscience is without the pow'r of kings.

*Dryden's Royal Martyr.*

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For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;  
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right:  
In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Let none seek needless causes to approve  
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fall.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

F A L L.

Some falls are means the happier to rise.

*Shakespear's Cymbeline.*

Who would depend upon the popular air,  
Or voice of men, that have to-day beheld,  
(That, which if all the Gods had fore-declar'd,  
Would not have been believ'd) Sejanus fall?  
He, that this morn, rose proudly, as the sun,  
And breaking through a mist of clients breath,  
Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he,  
When superstitious Moors salute his light!  
That had our servile nobles waiting him  
As common grooms; and hanging on his look,  
No less than human life on destiny!  
That had men's knees as frequent as the gods;  
And sacrifices more than Rome had altars:  
And this man fall! fall! ay, without a look,  
That durst appear his friend, or lend so much  
Of vain relief, to his chang'd state, as pity!

They that before like gnats play'd in his beams,  
And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not seen,  
Nor deign to hold a common seat with him!  
Others that waited him unto the senate,  
Now, inhumanly, ravish him to prison!

Whom,

Whom, but this morn, they follow'd as their lord,  
Guard through the streets, bound like a fugitive!  
Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for stoops;  
Blind shame for honours, and black taunts for titles!

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

FALSEHOOD.

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old, and hath forgot itself,  
When water drops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falshood! when they've said, as false  
As air, as water, wind, as sandy earth;  
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;  
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;  
Yea, let them say to stick the heart of falshood,  
As false as Cressid. —

*Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.*

Ev'ry man in this age has not a soul  
Of crystal for all men to read their actions  
Through: men's hearts and faces are so far asunder,  
That they hold no intelligence.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster.*

Had she been true,  
If heav'n would make me such another world,  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it. *Shakespear's Othello.*

He hates, he loaths the beauties that he has enjoy'd:  
Oh, he is false! That great, that glorious man,  
Is tyrant 'midst of his triumphant spoils,  
Is bravely false, to all the gods forsworn!



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He that has warm'd my feet with thousand sighs,  
Then cool'd them with his tears! dy'd on my knees!  
Outwept the morning with his dewy eyes,  
And groan'd and sworn the wond'ring stars away!  
False to Statyra! false to her that lov'd him!  
That lov'd him, cruel victor as he was,  
And took him bath'd all o'er in Persian blood,  
Kiss'd the dear cruel wounds, and wash'd them o'er  
And o'er in tears, then bound them with my hair,  
Laid him all night upon my panting bosom,  
Lull'd like a child, and hush'd him with my songs.

*Lee's Alexander.*

My mortal injuries have turn'd my mind,  
And I could hate myself for being kind:  
If there be any majesty above,  
That has revenge in store for perjur'd love;  
Send, heav'n, the swiftest ruin on his head,  
Strike the destroyer, lay the victor dead;  
Kill the triumph'ph, and avenge my wrong,  
In height of pomp, when he is warm'd and young,  
Bolted with thunder, let him rush along:  
And when in the last pangs of life he lies,  
Grant I may stand to dart him with my eyes;  
Nay, after death,  
Pursue his spotted soul, and shoot him as he flies.

*Lee's Alexander.*

Oh! I could tear my flesh,  
Or him, or you, or all the world to pieces!  
My soul is pent, and has not elbow-room;  
'Tis swell'd with this last flight beyond all bounds,  
O that it had a space might answer to  
Its infinite desire! where I might stand,  
And hurl the spheres about like sportive balls.

*Lee's Alexander.*

I wou'd my royal lord, but cannot blame you,  
I feel a spirit within me, which calls up

All

All that is woman wrong'd, and bids me chide,  
 But you are Mithridates, that dear man  
 Whom my soul loves, else were you all the kings,  
 All worlds, all Gods, I could let loose upon you  
 For those deep injuries which I must suffer;  
 Cou'd like the frightening winds disturb all nature  
 With venting of my wrongs, but I am hush'd  
 As a spent wave, and all my fiery pow'rs  
 Are quench'd, when I but look upon your eyes,  
 Where like a star in water I appear,  
 A pretty sight, but of no influence,  
 And am at best but now a shining sorrow.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

She has a tongue that can undo the world;  
 She eyes me just as when she first inflam'd me:  
 Such were her looks, so melting was her language,  
 Such false soft sighs, and such deluding tears,  
 When from her lips I took the luscious poison,  
 When with that pleasing perjurd breath avowing,  
 Her whispers trembl'd thro' my cred'lous ears,  
 And told the story of my utter ruin.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

Oh, my hard fate! Why did I trust her ever?  
 What story is not full of woman's falshood?  
 The sex is all a sea of wide destruction:  
 We are vent'rous barks, that leave our home  
 For those sure dangers which their smiles conceal:  
 At first they draw us in with flatt'ring looks  
 Of summer calms, and a soft gale of sighs:  
 Sometimes, like Syrens, charm us with their songs,  
 Dance on the waves, and shew their golden locks;  
 But when the tempest comes, then, then they  
 leave us!  
 Or rather help the new calamity!  
 And the whole storm is one injurious woman!  
 The lightning follow'd with a thunderbolt,

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Is marble-hearted woman ! All the shelves,  
The faithless winds, blind rocks, and sinking sands,  
Are woman all ! the wrecks of wretched men !

*Lee's Mithridates.*

She's lost ! She's gone ! The beauty of the earth :  
All that in woman could be virtue call'd ;  
Is lost ; corrupted are her noble faculties ;  
The temper of her soul is quite infected :  
Inconstancy have spotted all her white, her virgin  
beauties.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

Semandra, my most fair, dear, gentle mistress ;  
That sweet protesting creature, that pure whiteness,  
Where I so deep had writ my vows in blood,  
Is false to me ; and that eternal bond of oaths  
Committed to her keeping, now is cancell'd :  
Ev'n her fair hand, the seal of all my love,  
Her hand has giv'n her faithless heart away.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

False as thou art,  
Thou once wert empress of my soul, and I  
Still drag thy chains. Speak then, Semandra, speak ;  
For I am doz'd, so weary with complaining,  
That I could stand and listen to the winds,  
And think that women talk'd ; observe the rain,  
And think that women wept : or in the clouds  
Behold Semandra's form still fleeting from me.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

I could tear out these eyes that gain'd his heart,  
And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh ! the curse  
Of doating on, ev'n when I find it dotage !  
Bear witness, Gods ! You heard him bid me go :  
You whom he mock'd with imprecating vows  
Of promis'd faith. I'll die, I will not bear it,  
I can keep in my breath, I can die inward,  
And choak this love.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

*Cal.*



Castalio ! Oh ! how often has he sworn,  
Nature should change, the sun and stars grow  
dark,  
E'er he would falsify his vows to me ?  
Masse haste, confusion, then ! sun, lose thy light !  
And stars drop dead with sorrow to the earth !  
For my Castalio's false !  
False as the wind, the water, or the weather !  
Cruel as tygers o'er their trembling prey !  
I feel him in my heart, he tears my breast,  
And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Nothing so kind as he, when in my arms ;  
In thousand kisses, tender sighs, and joys,  
Not to be thought again, the night was wasted ;  
At dawn of day he rose, and left his conquest.  
But when we met, and I with open arms  
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,  
Oh ! then he threw me from his breast  
Like a detested sin — As I hung too  
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,  
He dragg'd me like a slave upon the earth,  
And had no pity on my cries ;  
Dash'd me disdainfully away with scorn :  
He did ; and more, I fear, will ne'er be friends,  
Tho' I still love him with unbated passion :  
Alas ! I love him still, and tho' I ne'er  
Clasp him again within these longing arms,  
Yet bless him, bless him, Gods, where'er he goes.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Oh, the bewitching tongues of faithless men !  
Tis thus the false Hyena makes her moan,  
To draw the pitying traveller to her den.  
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all ;

With

With sighs and plaints y' entice poor women's  
 hearts,  
 And all that pity you are made your prey.

*Orway's Orphan.*

Drive me, O drive me from that traitor, man!  
 So I might 'scape that monster, let me dwell  
 In lion's haunts, or in some tyger's den,  
 Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd rock,  
 That bellies out, just dropping in the ocean:  
 Bury me in the hollow of its womb;  
 Where starving on my cold and flinty bed,  
 I may from far, with giddy apprehension,  
 See infinite fathoms down the rumbling deep;  
 Yet not e'en there, in that vast whirl of death,  
 Can there be found so terrible a ruin  
 As man! false man! smiling destructive man!

*Lee's Theodosius.*

I'll never see him more, but to upbraid him;  
 Not tho' he should repent, and strait return,  
 Nay, proffer me his crown—No more of that:  
 Honour too cries, revenge, revenge thy wrongs;  
 For 'tis revenge so wise, so glorious too,  
 As all the world shall praise—This is the course  
 Which honour bids me take. But, oh! permit me,  
 For I am yet all tenderness; the woman,  
 The weak, the fond, the mild, the coward, woman,  
 Dares not look forth, but runs about my breast,  
 And visits all the warmer mansions there,  
 Where she so oft has harbour'd false Varanes:  
 Cruel Varanes! False forsworn Varanes!

Therefore, alas! allow me  
 A little time for love to make his way:  
 Hardly he won the place, and many sighs,  
 And many tears, and many oaths it cost him;  
 And, oh! I find he will not be dislodg'd  
 Without a groan at parting: hence for ever.  
 No, no, he vows he will not yet be raz'd,

With-

# A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

17

Without whole floods of grief at his farewell,  
Which thus I sacrifice—And, oh! I swear  
Had he prov'd true, I would as easily  
Have empty'd all my blood, and dy'd to serve him,  
As now I shed these drops, or vent these sighs,  
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

*Lee's Theodosius*

Last night he flew not with a lover's haste,  
Which eagerly prevents th' appointed hour :  
I told the clocks, and watch'd the wailing light,  
And list'ned to each softly treading step,  
In hope 'twas he ; but still it was not he.  
At last he came, but with such alter'd looks,  
So wild, so ghastly, as some ghost had met him:  
All pale and speechless, he survey'd me round :  
Then with a groan he threw himself a-bed,  
But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,  
And sigh'd and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from  
me.

At last I press'd his hand, and laid me by his side ;  
He pull'd it back as if he'ad touch'd a serpent :  
With that I burst into a flood of tears,  
And ask'd, how I'ad offended him ?  
He answer'd nothing, but with sighs and groans :  
So restless pass'd the night, and at the dawn  
Leap'd from the bed, and vanish'd.

*Dryden's Spanish Fryar*

What have I done, ye pow'rs ! what have I done !  
To see my youth, my beauty, and my love,  
No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd !  
And, like a rose just gather'd from the stalk,  
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside  
To wither on the ground ! Tell me, heav'n !  
Why name I heav'n ? There is no heav'n for me :  
Despair, death, hell have seiz'd my tortur'd soul.

When



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When I had rais'd his grov'ling fate from ground,  
To pow'r and love, to empire, and to me,  
When each embrace was dearer than the first;  
Then! then to be condemn'd! then, then throw  
off!

It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,  
And loathsome.

The turtle flies not from his billing mate,  
He bills the closer; but ungrateful man,  
Base barb'rous man, the more we raise our love,  
The more we pall, and cool, and chill his ardour!  
Racks, poisons, daggers, rid me but of life,  
And any death is welcome.

*Dryden's Spanish Fryar.*

Hear this, ye pow'rs, mark how the fair deceiver  
Sadly complains of violated truth:  
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,  
Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth  
have heard,

Sighing to weep, and tenderly protest  
Ten thousand times she would be only mine;  
And yet behold she has giv'n herself away,  
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

F A M E.

Fame, if not double fac'd, is double mouth'd,  
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds  
On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.

*Samson Agonistes.*

Some when they die, die all: their mouldring  
clay,

Is but an emblem of their memories:  
The space quite closes up thro' which they pass'd.  
That

That I have liv'd, I leave a mark behind,  
 Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,  
 And give it whole to late posterity.  
 My name is writ in mighty characters,  
 Triumphant columns and eternal domes,  
 Whose splendor heightens our Egyptian day,  
 Whose strength shall laugh at time till their great  
 basis,  
 Old earth itself shall fail. In after age,  
 Who war or build, shall build or war from me,  
 Grow great in each, as my example fires;  
 'Tis I of art the future wonders raise,  
 I fight the future battles of the world.

*Young's Busiris*

I hate this fame, false avarice of fancy.  
 The sickly shade of an unsolid greatness!  
 The lying lure of pride that Europe cheats by!

*Hill's Alzira,*

I courted fame but as a spur to brave  
 And honest deeds: and who despises fame,  
 Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.

*Mallet's Mustapha.*

For fame beneath the wretch the gallows lies,  
 Disowning every crime for which he dies,  
 Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,  
 Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.  
 Nature has wove into the human mind  
 This anxious care of names we leave behind,  
 To extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,  
 And give an earnest of a life to come;  
 For, if when dead, we are but dust or clay,  
 Why think of what posterity shall say?  
 Her praise or censure cannot us concern,  
 Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

*Soame Jennisus.*

The

The evil that men do, lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

*Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.*

F A M E. *The temple of it.*

High on a rock of ice the structure lay,  
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;  
The wond'rous rock, like Parian marble, shone,  
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.  
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,  
The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;  
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,  
And poets once had promis'd they should last.  
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;  
I look'd again nor could their trace be found.  
Critics I saw, that other names deface,  
And fix their own with labour in their place.  
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,  
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.  
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,  
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;  
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays,  
Not more by envy, than excess of praise.  
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,  
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:  
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,  
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.  
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,  
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;  
These ever knew, nor subject to decays,  
Spread and grew brighter with the length of days.  
So Zembla's rocks, the beauteous work of frost,  
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast:  
Pale suns, unfelt at distance, roll away,  
And on th' impassant ice the lightnings play.  
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,  
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;

As



As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,  
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

*Pope*

There massy columns in a circle rise,  
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:  
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight,  
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height,  
Full in the midst proud fame's imperial seat,  
With jewels blaz'd magnificently great;  
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,  
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,  
Bright azure rays from lively sapphire stream,  
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.  
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,  
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;  
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,  
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.  
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,  
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;  
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,  
Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.  
With her the temple ev'ry moment grew,  
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:  
Upwards the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,  
And arches widen, and long isles extend.  
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,  
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;  
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,  
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning  
ears.  
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful nine,  
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrines;  
With eyes on fame for ever fix'd they sing:  
For fame they raise the voice, and tune the string.  
With time's first birth began the heavenly rays,  
And last, eternal through the length of days.  
Around these wonders as I cast a look,  
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook;

And

And all the nations summon'd at the call,  
 From different quarters fill the croud'd hall;  
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard,  
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;  
 Thick as the bees that with the spring renew  
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew;  
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,  
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,  
 Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,  
 And a low murmur runs along the field.

## F A M I N E.

Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd man's use,  
 Ev'n deadly plants, and herbs of pois'nous juice,  
 Wild hunger eat, and to prolong our breath,  
 We greedily devour our certain death,  
 The soldier in th' assault, of famine falls,  
 And ghosts, not men, are watching on the walls.  
*Dryden's Indian Emperor.*

This famine has a sharp and meagre face;  
 'Tis death in an undress of skin and bone;  
 Where age and youth, their landmark ta'en away,  
 Look all one common sorrow.

*Dryden's Cleomenes.*

He daily dies by hours and moments,  
 All vital nourishment but air is wanting:  
 Three rising days, and two descending nights,  
 Have chang'd the face of heav'n and earth by turns,  
 But brought no kind vicissitude to him.  
 His state is still the same, with hunger pinch'd,  
 Waiting the slow approaches of his death,  
 Which halting onwards, as his life goes back,  
 Still gains upon his ground.

*Dryden's Cleomenes.*

Death,

Death, like a lazy master stands aloof,  
And leaves his work to the slow hands of famine.

*Dryden's Gleomenes.*

## F A N C Y.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains;  
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more  
Than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;

That is the madman. The lover all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to  
heav'n,

And as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks have strong imagination,

That if he would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy:

Or in the night imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear.

*Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's dream.*

Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd we find  
Some sweet illusion of the created mind,

Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove  
with humbler nature, in the rural grove,

Where swains contented, own the quiet scene,

And twilight fairies tread the circled green,

Dress'd by her hand, the woods and vallies smile,

And spring diffusive decks the enchanted isle.

*Collins.*

## F A N

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,

And various fashions learn from various lands.

For



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For this shall elephants their ivory shed,  
 And polish'd sticks the waving engines spread:  
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,  
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.  
 On this shall Indians all their art employ,  
 And with bright colours stain the gawdy toy,  
 Their pains shall here in wildest fancies flow;  
 Their dress, their customs, their religion show,  
 So shall the British fair their minds improve,  
 And on the fan to distant climates rove.  
 Here China's ladies shall their pride display,  
 And silver figures gild their loose array;  
 This boasts her little feet, and winking eyes,  
 That times the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies,  
 Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,  
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.  
 The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,  
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies;  
 This shall in temples the shy maid conceal,  
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.  
 Gay France shall make the fan her artists care,  
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair;  
 As learned orators, that touch the heart,  
 With various action raise their soothing art;  
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,  
 And humour each expression of the tongue;  
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,  
 From noisy anger to the sullen spleen. *Gay?*

In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,  
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound.  
 Both gifts destructive to the giver prove;  
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love. *Pope.*

F A T E.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
 All but the page prescrib'd their present state.

*From*

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know!  
 Or who could suffer, being here below!  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
 Oh! blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,  
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,  
 Who sees, with equal eyes, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

The gods are just:  
 But how can finite measure infinite?  
 Whatever is, is in its causes just,  
 Since all things are by fate; but purblind man  
 Sees but a part o'th' chain, the nearest link,  
 His eyes not carrying to that equal beam  
 That poises all above.

*Dryden's OEdipus.*

On what strange grounds we build our hopes  
 and fears  
 Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark  
 Our fortunes meet us;  
 If fate be not, then what can we foresee?  
 And how can we avoid it if it be?  
 If by free-will in our own paths we move,  
 How are we bounded by decrees above?  
 Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,  
 If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of heav'n.

*Dryden's Tempest.*

If this day's angry gods ordain my fate,  
 Know then I fall like some vast pyramid,  
 I bury thousands in my great destruction;  
 And thou the first.  
 If Babylon must fall, what is't to me?  
 Or can I help immutable decree?

Down then vast frame, with all thy lofty tow'rs,  
 Since 'tis so ordered by th' Almighty powers;  
 Press'd by the fates, unloose thy golden bars,  
 'Tis great to fall the envy of the stars.

*Lee's Alexander.*

To you, great gods I make my last appeal;  
 Or clear my virtues, or my crime reveal;  
 If wand'ring in the maze of fate I run,  
 And backward trod the paths I sought to shun;  
 Impute my errors to your own decree,  
 My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

*Dryden's OEdipus.*

Ye cruel pow'rs!

Take me, as you have made me, miserable:  
 You cannot make me guilty! 'twas my fate;  
 And you made that, not I.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Good heav'n! why gave you me  
 A monarch's soul,  
 And crusted it with base plebeian clay?  
 Why gave you me desires of such extent,  
 And such a span to grasp them? Sure my lot  
 By some o'er-hasty angel was misplaced  
 In fate's eternal volume. *Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Tell me why, good heav'n!

Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,  
 Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,  
 That fill the happy'st man? Ah! rather, why  
 Didst not thou form me sordid as my fate,  
 Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?  
 Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?  
 Is this just dealing, nature?

*Opuzay's Venice Preserv'd.*

Was



Was it for this, ye cruel gods! you made me  
Great like yourselves, and, as a king, to be  
Your sacred image? Was it but for this?  
Why rather was I not a peasant-slave,  
Bred from my birth a drudge to your creation,  
And to my destin'd load inur'd betimes;

*Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.*

Yet 'tis the curse of mighty minds oppress'd,  
To think what their state is, and what it should be:  
Impatient of their lot, they reason fiercely,  
And call the laws of providence unequal.

*Rowe's Ulysses.*

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous know-  
ledge,  
And wisdom early planted in thy soul,  
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery passions:  
To bind their rage and stay their headlong course;  
To bear with accidents, and every change  
Of various life; to struggle with adversity;  
To wait the leisure of the righteous gods,  
Till they in their own good appointed hour,  
Shall bid thy better days come forth at once;  
A long and shining train; till thou, well pleas'd,  
Shalt bow, and blest thy fate, and say the gods are  
just.

*Rowe's Ulysses.*

To day, in snow array'd, stern winter rules  
The ravag'd plain—Anon the teeming earth  
Unlocks her stores, and spring adorns the year:  
And shall not we—while fate, like winter frowns,  
Expect revolving bliss?

*Smollett's Regicide.*

They therefore as to right belong'd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Their maker, or their making, or their fate;  
As if predestination over-rul'd  
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree,

Or high fore-knowledge. They themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt, not I: if I fore-knew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
 Or ought by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all,  
 Both what they judge, and what they choose.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
 Omitted, all the voyages of their life,  
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
 On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

*Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.*

Heav'n has to all, allotted soon or late,  
 Some lucky revolution of their fate:  
 Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,  
 (For human good depends on human will)  
 Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,  
 And from the first impression takes its bent;  
 But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,  
 And leaves repenting folly far behind,  
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,  
 And spreads her locks before her as she flies.

*Dryden's Absi and Archit.*

How easy 'tis when destiny proves kind,  
 With full spread sails to run before the wind;  
 But they who 'gainst stiff gales lavingering go,  
 Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.

*Dryden's Astrea Redux.*

## FATHER.

To you, your father should be as a god,  
 One, that compos'd your beauties, yea and one

To

To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power,  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

*Shakespeare's Mid. Night's Dream.*

Methinks a father

Is at the nuptials of his son, a guest,  
That best becomes the table:  
Reason, my son, should chuse himself a wife;  
But as good reason the father, (all whose joy  
Is nothing but fair posterity) shou'd hold  
Some counsel in such a business.

*Shakespeare's Winter Tale.*

# FAVOURITE.

He that in court secure will keep himself,  
Must not be great; for then he's envy'd at.  
The shrub is safe, when as the cedar shakes;  
For where the king doth love above compare,  
Of others they as much more envy'd are.

*Shakespeare's Cromwell.*

How gross your avarice, eating up whole families!  
How vast are your corruptions and abuse  
Of the king's ear! At which you hang a pendant,  
Not to adorn, but ulcerate: while th' honest  
Nobility, like pictures in the arras,  
Serve only for court ornaments: if they speak,  
'Tis when you set their tongues; which you wind up  
Like clocks, to strike at the just hour you please.

*Shirley's Cardinal.*

# F E A R.

Fear is the last of ills:  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.*



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I feel my sinews slacken'd with the fright,  
And a cold sweat trills down all o'er my limbs,  
As if I were dissolving into water. *Dryden.*

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.  
*Sewel's Sir Walter Raleigh.*

The weakness we lament ourselves create.  
Instructed from our infant years to court,  
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,  
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,  
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;  
Till affectation, rip'ning to belief  
And folly, frightened at her own chimæras,  
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul. *Irene.*

FELICITY.

These gardens lie }  
Far hence remov'd beneath a milder sky,  
Their name the kingdom of felicity. }  
Sweet scenes of endless bliss, enchanted ground,  
A soil for ever sought, but seldom found;  
Tho' in the search all human kind in vain  
Weary their wits, and waste their lives in pain.  
In different parties diff'rent paths they tread,  
As reason guides them, or as follies lead:  
These wrangling for the place they ne'er shall see;  
Debating those, if such a place there be;  
But not the wisest nor the best can say  
Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.  
Some few, by Fortune favour'd for her sport,  
Have sail'd in sight of this delightful port,  
In thought already seized the bless'd abodes,  
And in their fond delirium ranked with Gods.  
Fruitless attempt! all avenues are kept  
By dreadful foes, sentry that never slept:  
Here fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath,  
Fraught with a thousand stings, and scatters death;  
*Sharp*

Sharp sighted Envy there maintains her post,  
And shakes her flaming brand, and stalks around  
the coast  
These on the helpless bark their fury pour,  
Plunge in the waves, or dash against the shore;  
Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to  
mourn,  
And ne'er must rest but in the silent urn.

*Dr. Lisle's Persenna.*

# FIGHT.

Fighting

Through all the mazes of the bloody field,  
I haunted his sacred life: I sought him  
Where ranks fell thickest: 'twas indeed the place  
To seek Sebastian! Through a track of death  
I follow'd him by groans of dying men:  
But still I came too late; for he was flown  
Like lightning, swift before me, to new slaughter.  
I mov'd across, and made irregular harvest;  
Defac'd the pomp of battle, but in vain;  
For he was still supplying death elsewhere.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

# FILIAL PIETY.

E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon me,  
You, Sir, have been my study. I have plac'd,  
Before mine eyes in ev'ry light of life,  
The father and the king. What weight of duty  
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung;  
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown;  
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.  
But first and ever nearest to my heart  
Was this prime duty; so to frame my conduct  
Toward such a father, as, were I a father,  
My soul would wish to meet with from a son.

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And may reproach transmit my name abhor'd  
To latest time—if ever thought was mine  
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love.

*Mallett's Mustapha.*

Have I then no tears for thee, my father?  
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years  
Thy tenderness for me? An eye still beam'd  
With love? A brow that never knew a frown!  
Nor a harsh word thy tongue? Shall I for these  
Repay thy stooping venerable age  
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?  
It must not be?—Thou first of angels! come  
Sweet filial piety! and firm my breast!  
Yes, let one daughter to her fate submit,  
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.

*Thompson's Fancied and Sigismunda.*

Oh! would Eugenia  
Exert the spirit of virtue; let the sense  
Of filial piety inspire her breast,  
And at the marriage-altar offer up  
The passions of the heart.

*Francis's Eugenia.*

F I S H.

Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and  
bay  
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid sea; part single, or with mate  
Graze the sea-weed their pasture; and thro' groves  
Of coral stray; or sporting with quick glance  
Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropp'd with gold;  
Or in their pearly shells attend at ease  
Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food  
In jointed armour watch; on smooth, the seal,  
And bended dolphins play; part, huge of bulk,

Wal-



Wallowing, unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
 Tempest the ocean. There Leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims:  
 And seems a moving lake, and at his gills  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Of fishes next, my friends, I would enquire  
 How the mute race ingender on respire;  
 From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream,  
 Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,  
 To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas  
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,  
 And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays?  
 How they in warlike bands march greatly forth  
 From freezing waters and the colder north,  
 To southern climes directing their career,  
 Their station changing with th' inverted year?  
 How all with careful knowledge are indued,  
 To chuse their proper bed, and wave, and food,  
 To guard their spawn, and educate their brood?

*Prior's Solomon.*

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,  
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,  
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,  
 The yellow carp, with scales bedropp'd with gold,  
 Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,  
 And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

*Pope's Windsor Forest.*

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,  
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,  
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand  
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;  
 With looks unmoy'd, he pops the scaly breed,  
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.

*Pope's Windsor Forest.*

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When genial spring, a living warmth bestows,  
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws ;  
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,  
But chrystal currents glide within the bounds ;  
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,  
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake ;  
With frequent leap they range the shallow  
streams,

Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.  
Now let the fisherman his toil prepare,  
And arm himself with ev'ry watry snare ;  
His hooks, his lines peruse, with careful eye,  
Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.  
When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,  
Troubling the streams with swift descending rain,  
And waters, tumbling down the mountains side,  
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide ;  
Then soon as vernal gales begin to rise,  
And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,  
The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,  
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds ;  
Upon a rising border of the brook  
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook.  
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,  
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,  
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,  
Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.  
Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,  
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows ;  
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway,  
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,  
He greedily sucks in the swimming bait,  
And tugs, and nibbles the fallacious meat :  
Now happy fisherman, now twitch the line !  
How thy rod bends ! behold the prize is thine !  
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,  
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

Gay.  
When

When a brisk gale against the current blows,  
 And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,  
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,  
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.  
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy  
 The wanton errors of the floating fly;  
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,  
 And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;  
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,  
 And bears with joy the little spoil away.  
 Soon in sharp pain he feels the dire mistake,  
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake.  
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,  
 And in his eye, convulsive anger bears;  
 And now again, impatient of the wound,  
 He rolls and wreaths his shining body round:  
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,  
 The trembling fins the boiling waves divide;  
 Now hope exults the fisher's beating heart.  
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art.  
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,  
 While the line stretches with th' unweildy prize.  
 Each motion humours with his steady hands,  
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands,  
 Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all its strength,  
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.  
 He now with pleasure views the gasping prize  
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;  
 Then draws him to the shore with artful care,  
 And lifts his nostrils in the sickning air:  
 Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,  
 Stretching his quiv'ring fins, and gasping dies.

Gay.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,  
 And whit'ning down their mossy tinctur'd stream,  
 Descends the billowy foam; now is the time



While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,  
 To tempt the trout, the well dissembled fly,  
 The rod fine tapering with elastic spring,  
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,  
 And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare  
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm  
 Convulsive twist in agonizing folds;  
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep  
 Gives as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
 Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,  
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand:  
 From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots  
 Of pendent trees the monarch of the brook,  
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
 Long time he following cautious scans the fly,  
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.  
 At last, while happy o'er the shaded sun  
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
 With sudden plunge: at once he darts along,  
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;  
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the shelt'ring weed,  
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;  
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool  
 Indignant of the guile, with yielding hand,  
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage.  
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,  
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore  
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

# FLAME.

Children play

With fiery flames, and covet what is bright,  
 But feeling the effects abhor the light.

*Birth of Merlin by Rowley and Shakespear.*

FLAT-

## FLATTERY.

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,  
 Pernicious flatt'ry, thy malignant seeds  
 In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,  
 Sadly diffused o'er virtues gleby land,  
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,  
 And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Do not think I flatter,  
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
 That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits  
 To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be  
 flatter'd!

No, let the candid tongue lick absurd pomp,  
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
 Where thrift may follow fawning.

*Shakespear's Hamlet.*

He loves to hear  
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
 Lions with wiles, and men with flatterers.  
 He says, he does; being then most flatter'd.

*Shakespear's Julius Caesar.*

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant,  
 And of all tame, a flatterer.

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

'Tis the fate of princes, that no knowledge  
 Comes pure to them, but passing thro' th' eyes  
 And ears of other men, it takes a tincture  
 From ev'ry channel: and still bears a relish  
 Of flattery, or private ends.

*Denham's Sophy.*

Such smiling rogues as these,  
 Like rats oft bite the holy cords a-twain,  
 Which are intricate t'unloose, smooth ev'ry passion  
 That in the nature of their lords rebel,

Being

Being oil to fire, snow to their colder moods,  
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks,  
 With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters,  
 Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

*Shakespeare's King Lear.*

Give me flattery,

Flatt'ry the food of courts, that I may rock him,  
 And lull him in the down of his desires.

*Beaumont's Rollo.*

No flatt'ry, boy, an honest man can't live by't:  
 It's a little sneaking art, which knaves  
 Use to cajole and soften fools withal.  
 If thou hast flatt'ry in thy nature, out with't,  
 Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.  
 'Tis next to money current there,  
 To be seen daily, in as many forms  
 As there sorts of vanities and men.  
 The superstitious statesman has his sneer,  
 To smooth a poor man off, who cannot bribe him.  
 The grave dull fellow, of small bus'ness sooths  
 The hum'rist, and will needs admire his wit.  
 Who without spleen could see a hot brain'd atheist  
 Thanking a furly doctor for his sermon?  
 Or a grave counsellor meet a smooth young lord,  
 Squeeze him by the hand, and praise his good  
 complexion.

*Orway's Orphan,*

There like a statue thou hast stood besieged  
 By sycophants and tools, the growth of courts:  
 Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,  
 Met nothing but a lye in ev'ry face;  
 And the gross flatt'ry of a gaping croud,  
 Envious who first should catch, and first applaud  
 The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,  
 My honest homely words were carp'd and censur'd,



For want of courtly stile : related actions,  
Tho' modestly reported, pass'd for boasts.  
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward—  
Thy hungry minions thought their right invaded,  
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites!

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Why didst thou flatter me? why give me once  
A daughter's power, and snatch it from me now?  
Like a mad painter, wanted of thy skill,  
Delighting to deface thy own fair works.

*Sewel's Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Beware of flatt'ry, 'tis a flow'ry weed  
Which oft offends the very idol vice,  
Whose shrine it would perfume.

*Fenton's Mariamne.*

He who can listen pleas'd to such applause,  
Buys at a dearer rate than I dare purchase,  
And pays for idle air with sense and virtue.

*Mallet's Musapha.*

'Tis such pernicious flatt'ers,  
Such busy, ready, fawning slaves as thou art,  
That choak and stifle truth, poison all virtue,  
And cure mankind with tyrants and oppressors.

*Virginia.*

F L Y E E T.

Suppose that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Dover-pier  
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning,  
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,  
Upon the hempen tackle, ship boys climbing,  
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaten sail,  
Born with the invincible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge.

*Shakespear's Henry V.*

FLIES.

## F L I E S.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young  
 Come wing'd abroad: by the light air upborn,  
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,  
 And secret corner, where they slept away  
 The wintry storms, or rising from their tombs  
 To higher life, by myriads forth at once  
 Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues  
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.  
 Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!  
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some by  
 Fatal instinct fly: where on the pool they,  
 Sportive, wheel, or sailing down the stream,  
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick ey'd trout,  
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the greenwood glade,  
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,  
 In the fresh leaf, luxurious; others make  
 The meads their choice, and visit ev'ry flow'r,  
 And ev'ry latent herb: for the sweet talks to propagate  
 Their kinds, and where to wrap in what soft  
 Beds, their young yet undislosed,  
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;  
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:  
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
 They meet their fate; or, well'ring in the bowl,  
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.  
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,  
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon;  
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,  
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade,  
 Of willows grey, close crouding o'er the brook.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Thick in yon stream of light a thousand ways,  
 Upward and downward thwarting, and convolv'd,  
 The quivering nations sport, 'till tempest wing'd,  
 Fierce

Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

FLOOD

The fruitful Nile

Flow'd ere the wonted season, with a torrent

So unexpected, and so wond'rous fierce,

That the wild deluge overtook the haste

Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd. Men and beasts

Were born upon the tops of trees, that grew

On th' utmost margin of the water mark:

Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,

It slipt from underneath the scaly herd

Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore,

Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails,

Lay lashing the departing waves: hard by 'em

Sea-horses, floundring in the slimy mud,

Toss'd up their heads, and dash'd the ooze about

'em. *Dryden's All for Love.*

FLOOD of Noah's.

Mean while the south wind rose and with black wings

Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove

From under heav'n; the hills to their supply

Vapour and exhalation dusk and moist,

Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd sky,

Like a dark cieling flood, down rush'd the rain

Impetuous: and continued till the earth

No more was seen; the floating vessel swum

Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow,

Rode tilting o'er the waves: all dwellings else,

The flood o'erwhelm'd, and them, with all their

Deep under water rolled, sea covered sea;

Sea without shore! and in their palaces,

Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd

And stabled: of mankind, (so num'rous late,)

All left, in one small bottom swum embark'd.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*



## FLOWER.

Thus guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower  
 Shoots from th' earth, nor fears the rushing shower;  
 And when the fury of the storm is laid,  
 Repays with sweets the hospitable shade,  
 Along the sunny bank, or wat'ry mead,  
 Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread:  
 Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,  
 Nor neither know to spin, nor care to toil;  
 Yet with confess'd magnificence deride  
 Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.  
 The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow blows,  
 Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment  
 flows.

Take but the humblest lilly of the field,  
 And if our pride will to our reason yield,  
 It must by sure comparison be shewn,  
 That on the regal seat great David's son,  
 Array'd in all his robes and types of power  
 Shines with less glory than that simple flow'r.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Within the chambers of the globe they spy,  
 The beds where sleeping vegetables lie;  
 'Till the glad summons of a genial ray  
 Unbind the globe, and call 'em out to day.  
 Hence pancies trick themselves in various hue,  
 And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;  
 Hence the carnation, and the bashful rose,  
 Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;  
 Hence the chaste lilly rises to the light,  
 Unveils the snowy breast, and charms the sight:  
 Hence arbors are with twining greens array'd,  
 T'oblige complaining lovers with their shade.

*Garth's Dispensary.*

How fine the texture of the web is wove,  
 On which its shining treasures are display'd.

Say

Say, can the Persian looms a bloom unfold  
 To match their shining hues? or can the thread  
 Drawn by the Mechlin needle thro' the lawn,  
 Boast an embroidery so rich and fair  
 As grace the various tints which nature spreads  
 On each enamel'd bud? the chints admir'd  
 For it's gay gaudy colours, loses all  
 Its beauty, and its richness, and appears  
 Coarse as the canvas, when its fading bloom  
 Dies and is lost, the bright carnation near.

*Newcomb's Flower Garden.*

## F O L L Y.

Here on a sofa of goose-feathers made,  
 Lo! half-supine luxurious Folly laid:  
 Pow'rful to lull the most enliven'd sense,  
 This sofa was the gift of indolence:  
 Her little left eye twinkles to the light,  
 But open'd wide, and goggling is her right:  
 Down from her collar to her bosom bare  
 Her bells hung pendant like a solitaire:  
 High o'er her ear, light-waving to the gale,  
 She wore the plumage of a peacock's tail,  
 Which nodding o'er her round unmeaning face,  
 Gave to her front the French, fantastic grace.  
 Full fat and fair she waddles in her gate,  
 And lisps so pretty that she loves to prate;  
 Her ears she pricks up to herself to list,  
 And sputters all her meaning in a mist.  
 Wise in conceit she seems, for all the while  
 Her face is dimpled with a foolish smile.  
 A painted fan her fickleness declares,  
 Which waving gives the ideot goddess airs;  
 She flirts it to a scepter of command,  
 And grasps an English Plautus in her hand.---  
 As round their queen the drones at evening creep,  
 And with mixt murmur lull the hive to sleep;

So

#### 44 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

So these the dame environ round and round,  
 And every booby sends a hollow sound;  
 So strong the savoury scent of supper draws,  
 They clamour universally applause.  
 And lo! ten waiters drest like modern beaux  
 In Folly's liv'ry parti-colour'd clothes,  
 Prompt at her whistle, a large table spread,  
 Produce vast voiders, and a load of bread;  
 Three butts of beer which Parsons had supply'd  
 They brought in well-tann'd jacks of good cow-  
 hide:

Then smoak'd the solid supper on the board,  
 Such as Van Hogan Mogan might afford;  
 Beneath a cover first came store of fish,  
 A jowl of codd, chubbs, gudgeons in a dish;  
 Wit-damping puddings, tripe in butter fry'd,  
 Fat chitterling and goose on every side:  
 Stern at the bottom grinn'd, still breathing dread,  
 The bristly horrors of a huge hog's head.

*Fawkes.*

#### FONDNESS.

How I have lov'd  
 Witness ye days, and nights, and all ye hours,  
 That danc'd away with down upon your feet,  
 As all your business were to court my passion.  
 One day pass'd by and nothing saw but love,  
 Another come, and still 'twas only love,  
 The suns were weary'd out with looking on,  
 And I untir'd with loving.  
 I saw you ev'ry day and all the day,  
 And ev'ry day was still but as the first,  
 So eager was I still to see you more.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Thou art the only comfort of my age:  
 Like an old tree I stand amongst the storms,  
 Thou art the only limb that I have left me:

My



My dear green branch! and how I prize thee child,  
Heav'n only knows! *Lee's Theodosius.*

Oh! she doats on him,  
Feeds on his looks; eyes him as pregnant women  
Gaze at the precious things their souls are set on.  
*Lee's Caesar Borgia.*

F O O L.

*Part of a scene in the second act of As you Like it.*

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool; I met a fool i'th' forest,  
A motly fool, a miserable varler:  
As I do live by food I met a fool,  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And railed on lady fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.  
Good morrow fool, quoth I: no, sir, quoth he,  
Call me not fool till heav'n hath sent me fortune,  
And then he drew a dial from his poak,  
And looking on it with lack lustre eye,  
Says very wisely, 'tis ten o'clock.  
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:  
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
And after one hour more it will be eleven;  
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,  
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,  
And thereby hangs a tail. When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep contemplative;  
And I did laugh, sans intermission,  
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,  
A worthy fool: motley's the only wear.

*Duke Sen.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* O a worthy fool! one that hath been a  
courtier,  
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket,  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms! Oh, that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke Sen.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit:

Provided, that you weed your better judgments  
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,  
That I am wise: I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have,  
And they that are most gaul'd with my folly,  
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
The why is plain, as way to parish church;  
He whom a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, altho' he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd,  
E'en by the squandering glances of a fool.  
Invest me in my motley, give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I'll thro' and thro'  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Shakespear's As you Like it.*

## F O R E S T.

The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees;  
'Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales,  
Where the deer rustle through the twining break,  
And the birds sing conceal'd. *Thomson's Seasons.*

## F O R T I T U D E:

Oh! fortitude divinely bright,  
Oh! virtues child, and man's delight!

Descend

Descend an amiable guest,  
And with thy firmness steel my breast. *Blacklock.*  
With such unshaken temper of the soul,  
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,  
Is to deserve that fortune: in adversity  
The mind grows rough by buffeting tempests;  
But, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,  
And loses all her firmness. *Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Thou hast been  
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing,  
A man whom fortune buffets and rewards  
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and blest'd are they  
Whose blood and judgment mingled are so well,  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,  
To sound what step she please. *Shakespear.*

What tho' the field be lost,  
All is not lost! th' unconquerable will  
And study of revenge: immortal hate  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome?  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me; to bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and to defy his pow'r,  
Who, from the terror of his arm, so late  
Doubled his enpire: that were low indeed,  
That was an ignominy and shame beneath this  
downfall. *Milton's Paradise Lost.*

As a pine  
Rent from Ceta's top by sweeping tempests,  
Jointed again and made a mast, defies  
Those angry winds that split him: so will I  
Piec'd to my never failing strength and fortune,  
Steer thro' these swelling dangers;  
Plow their prides up, and bear like thunder  
Thro' their loudest tempests.

*Braumont and Fletcher's Bonduca.*

Who



Who fights  
With passions and o'ercomes, that man is arm'd  
With the best virtue, passive fortitude.

*Webster's Dutcheſs of Malfy.*

In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare fail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold  
The strong ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cuts,  
Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy boat,  
Whose untimber'd sides but e'en now  
Corival'd greatness? Or to harbour fled  
Or made a toast for Neptune: ev'n so  
Doth valour shew, and valour's worth divide  
In storms of fortune, for in her ray and brightness,  
The hero hath more annoyance by the brize  
Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds  
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies get under shade, the thing of courage,  
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tun'd in self same key,  
Returns to chiding fortune.

*Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.*

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves,  
There is a nobleness of mind, that heals  
Wounds beyond salves. *Cartwright's Lady Errant.*

— But, prince, remember then  
The vows, the noble uses of affliction,  
Preserve the quick humanity it gives,  
The pitying, social sense of human weakness;  
Yet keep thy stubborn fortitude entire.

The

The manly heart that to another's woe  
Is tender, but superior to its own.  
Learn to submit, yet learn to conquer fortune ;  
Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds  
And offices of life : to life itself,  
With all its vain and transient joys, sit loose.  
Chief, let devotion to the sov'reign mind  
A steady, chearful, absolute dependence  
In his best, wisest government, possess thee.  
In thoughtless gay prosperity, when all  
Attends our wish, when nought is seen around us  
But kneeling slavery, and obedient fortune ;  
Then are blind mortals apt, within themselves  
To fix their stay, forgetful of the giver ;  
But when thus humbled, Alfred, as thou art,  
When to their feeble natural powers reduc'd,  
'Tis then they feel this universal truth  
That heav'n is all in all, and man is nothing.

*Mallet's Alfred.*

The human race are sons of sorrow born ;  
And each must have its portion. Vulgar minds  
Refuse, or crouch beneath their load ; the brave  
Bear theirs without repining. *Mallet's Alfred.*

## F O R T U N E.

On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,  
The hood-wink'd goddess keeps her partial court.  
Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,  
Gives, and resumes, and smiles, and frowns by fits :  
In this still labyrinth around her lie  
Spells, philtres, globes, and schemes of palmistry ;  
A sigil in this hand the gypsey bears  
In t'other a prophetic sieve and sheers.

*Garth's Dispensary.*

'Tis she that gives, (so mighty is her power)  
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.

She is the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence,  
 The sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence :  
 Souls heav'nly born, her faithless boons defy ;  
 The brave is to himself a deity.

*Garth's Dispensary.*

Fortune had no hand  
 In what our swords by dint of valour won.  
 She to the brave was ever a curs'd foe ;  
 But I at last have bound her to my chariot,  
 By conqu'ring virtue to be drag'd along :  
 And while her broken wheel is proudly born,  
 She shall be forc'd our triumph to adorn.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

Fortune came smiling to my youth and woo'd it,  
 And purpled greatness met my ripen'd years.  
 When first I came to empire, I was born  
 On tides of people crouding to my triumphs.  
 The wish of nations, and the willing world  
 Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace :  
 I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,  
 Fate could not ruin me, 'till I took pains,  
 And work'd against my fortune ; chid her from me,  
 And turn'd her loose, yet still she came again.  
 My careless days, and my luxurious nights  
 At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone ;  
 Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever from me !  
 Fortune is Cæsar's now, and what am I ?  
 Oh ! now I am so sunk from what I was,  
 Thou find'st me even at my low water mark :  
 The rivers that ran in, and rais'd my fortunes,  
 Are all dry'd up, or take another course.  
 What I've left is from my native spring ;  
 I've still a heart that swells in scorn of fate,  
 And lifts me to my banks.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Fate's



Fate's dark recesses we can never find,  
But fortune at some hours to all is kind:  
The lucky have whole days, which still they chuse,  
Th' unlucky have but hours, and those they lose.  
*Dryden's Tyrannic Love.*

Good fortune that comes seldom, comes more  
welcome. *Dryden's OEdipus.*

Were she a common mistress, kind to all,  
Her work would cease, and half the world grow idle.  
*Otway's Orphan.*

Pleasure has been th' bus'ness of my life,  
And ev'ry change of fortune easy to me,  
Because I still was easy to myself.  
*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

In all my wars good fortune flew before me,  
Sublime I sat in triumph on her wheel.  
*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Now gen'rous Sigismunda, comes my turn  
To shew my love of thine was not unworthy,  
When fortune bid me blush to look to thee;  
But, what is fortune to the wish of love?  
A miserable bankrupt! O 'tis poor,  
'Tis scanty all, whate'er we can bestow!  
The wealth of kings is wretchedness and want.—  
*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words, still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach and no food,  
Such are the poor in health: or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach; such the rich  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.  
*Shakespear's second part of Hen. IV.*

1. Who would trust slippery chance?

2. They that would make

Themselves her spoil, and foolishly forget  
When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey.  
Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men  
Had wisdom; we have plac'd thee so high,  
By fond belief in thy felicity. *Johnson's Sejanus.*

The old Scythians

Painted blind fortune's pow'rful hands with wings,  
To shew her gift comes swift and suddenly,  
Which, if her fav'rite be not swift to take,  
He loses them for ever.

*Chapman's Buffy D'Ambois.*

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,  
Hath divers ways to enrich her followers:  
To some she honour gives without deserving;  
To other some, deserving, without honour;  
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without  
wealth;

Some wealth without wit; some nor wit nor wealth,  
But good smock faces, or some qualities  
By nature, without judgment; with the which  
They live in sensual acceptation,  
And make shew only without touch of substance.

*Chapman's All Fools.*

For herein fortune shews herself more kind  
Than is her custom.—It is still her use  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow  
An age of poverty. *Shakespeare's Merch. of Ven.*

You were us'd

To say extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,  
When

When most struck home, being gently warded,  
craves

A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Shakespear's Coriolanus.*

# FORTUNE-TELLER.

—She of the gypsey train  
Had wand' red long, and the sun's scorching rays  
Imbrow'n'd her visage grim, artful to view  
The spreading palm, and with vile cant deceive  
The love-sick maid, who barters all her store  
For airy visions and fallacious hope.

*Somerville's Hob.*

—A hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,  
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp looking wretch,  
A living dead man : this pernicious slave,  
For'sooth, took on him as a conjurer,  
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, (as 'twere,) outfacing me,  
Cries out, I was posselt.

*Shakespear's Comedy of Errors.*

# FRANCE.

A nation here I pity and admire,  
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire;  
Yet, taught by custom's force, and bigot fear,  
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear.  
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,  
In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band,  
From each low tool of pow'r content receive  
Those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give:  
Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,  
Tho' plunder'd gay, industrious tho' oppress'd:



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With happy follies rise above their fate,  
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

*Ld. Littleton.*

F R A I L T Y.

That it should come to this,  
But two months dead : nay, not so much, not two,  
So excellent a king, that was to this Hyperion  
To a satyr ; so loving to my mother,  
That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n  
Visit her face too roughly : heav'n and earth !  
Must I remember ? why she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on ; and yet within a month ?  
Let me not think on't,—frailty thy name is woman,  
A little month !—Or ere these shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe all tears,—why she, e'en she—  
O heav'n ! a beast that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine  
uncle,

My father's brother ; but no more like my father,  
Than I to Hercules. Within a month !  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her gall'd eyes,  
She married : O most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !  
It will not, nor it cannot come to good.

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

F R E E - W I L L.

Love first of all  
Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command : take heed lest passion sway  
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free-will  
Would not admit : thine, and of all thy sons,  
The

The weal or woe in thee is plac'd ; beware !  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
 And all the blest. Stand fast ! to stand or fall  
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies :  
 Perfect within, no outward aid requires,  
 And all temptation to transgress repel.

*Milton's Par. Lost.*

## FRIENDSHIP.

Is aught so fair  
 In all the dewy landscape of the spring ?  
 In the bright eye of Hesper in the morn,  
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair  
 As virtuous friendship ?

*Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination.*

The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel :  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each un fledg'd unhatch'd comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,  
 Bear't, that th' oppos'd may beware of thee.  
 Give ev'ry man thy ear, but few thy voice ;  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
 Borrowing dulls th' edge of husbandry :  
 This above all, to thine own self be true,  
 And it must follow, as must night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

I had a friend that lov'd me ;  
 I was his soul : heliv'd not but in me.  
 We were so close link'd in each other's breast,  
 The rivets were not found that join'd us first,

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That do not reach us ; yet we were so mix'd,  
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost.  
We were one mass, we could not give nor take,  
But from the same ; for he was I, I he ;  
Return my better half, and give me all myself,  
For thou art all.

If I have any joy when thou art absent,  
I grudge it to myself : methinks I rob

Thee of thy part. *Dryden's All for Love.*

Thou brother of my choice, a band more sacred  
Than nature's brittle tie. By holy friendship :  
Glory and fame stood still for thy arrival,  
My soul seem'd wanting of its better half,  
And languish'd for thy absence, like a prophet  
That waits the inspiration of his God.

*Rowe's Tamerlane,*

Friendship is constant in all other things,  
Save in th' office and affairs of love ;  
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues ;  
Let ev'ry eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent ; for a beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into air.

*Shakespeare's Much Ado about Nothing.*

Be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To steel with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protefter ; if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them ; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banquetting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.*

*Alex.* Rise all ; and thou, my second self, my love,  
O my Hephæstion, raise thee from the earth

Up



Up to my breast, and hide thee in my heart.  
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thy arms at  
distance?

Hug me, or, by heav'n, thou lov'st me not.

*Heph.* Not love, my lord! break not the heart  
you fram'd,

And moulded up to such an excellence;  
Then stamp'd on it your own immortal image.  
Not love the king! Such is not woman's love!  
So fond a friendship, such a sacred flame  
As I must doubt to find in breasts above.

*Alex.* Thou dost, thou lov'st me, crown of all  
my wars!

Thou dearer to me than my groves of laurels!  
I know thou lov'st thy Alexander more  
Than Clytus loves the king. No tears, Hephestion!  
I read thy passion in thy manly eyes,  
And glory in those planets of my life  
Above the rival lights that shine in heav'n.  
I'll tell thee, friend, and mark it all ye princes,  
Tho' never mortal man arriv'd to such  
A height as I, yet I would forfeit all,  
Cast all my purples, and my conquer'd crowns,  
And die to save this darling of my soul.

*Lee's Alexander*

Who shall compare love's mean and gross desire,  
To the chaste zeal of friendship's sacred fire?  
By whining love our weakness is confess'd,  
But stronger friendship shews a virtuous breast.  
In folly's heart the short-liv'd blaze may glow,  
Wisdom alone can purer friendship know.  
Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays,  
Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays:  
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame,  
It still is giving, and still burns the same.

*Gay's Dione*

He lov'd me well ; so well he could but die  
 To shew he lov'd me better than his life :  
 He lost it for me. *Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Friendship is power and riches all to me ;  
 Friendship's another element of life :  
 Water and fire not of more general use,  
 To the support and comfort of the world,  
 Than friendship to the being of my joy ;  
 I would do every thing to serve a friend.  
*Southern's Fate of Capua.*

Live, live, and reign for ever in my bosom,  
 Safe and unrival'd there possess thy own.  
 And you, ye brightest of the stars above,  
 Ye saints that once were women here below,  
 Be witness of the truth, the holy friendship,  
 Which here to this my other self I vow ;  
 If I not hold her nearer to my soul,  
 Than every other joy the world can give,  
 Let poverty, deformity, and shame,  
 Distraction and despair seize me on earth ;  
 Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,  
 Nor taste the bliss of your celestial friendship.  
*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft  
 Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure ;  
 Ours has severest virtue for its basis ;  
 And such a friendship ends not but with life.  
*Addison's Cato.*

Friendships that are not founded upon virtue  
 Deserve no better names than leagues in vice.  
 What seeks the drunkard in his best-lov'd friend ?  
 A brain to bear, a thirst by wine unslack'd.  
 What he, who gives the rein to wanton joys ?  
 Some wretch of morals dissolute as himself.  
 Thus our own appetites confirm the choice,  
 And

And when we think we seal a man our friend,  
And most approve him, we approve ourselves.

*Frowde's Philotas.*

Thou speak'st him as humanity exacts  
From man to man, and not like byas'd friendship.  
Friendship that fondly sees but half our faults,  
And multiplies our virtues. *Havard's Scanderbeg.*

Friendship?—I have too deeply read mankind  
To be amus'd with friendship; 'tis a name  
Invented merely to betray credulity:  
'Tis intercourse of interests—not of souls  
Betwixt the wise; and when the fool will deal,  
He only purchases a lot of air,  
Yet pays his wife, or fortune for the bargain.

*Havard's Regulus.*

The two firm rocks on which all friendships stand,  
Are love of freedom, and our country's glory;  
Piety, valour, and paternal love  
Form the arising pile: the other virtues,  
Candour, beneficence, and moral trust,  
Are superstructures, and adorn the dome.

*Havard's Regulus.*

Reproach or mute disgust is the reward  
Of candid friendship, that disdains to hide  
Unpalatable truth.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

O more than brother! O my nobler self!  
I swear by honour, by the sacred instinct  
That nature kindled in my infant breast,  
That taste improv'd, and reason makes immortal;  
My soul that languish'd for thee, finds her powers  
Restor'd to health and vigour in thy presence:  
Not more refreshing are the dews of heav'n  
To Araby's dry desert, than to me  
Thy sight and wish'd return.

*Mallet's Mustapha.*



In life's first spring  
 Our green affections grew apace, and prosper'd;  
 The genial summer swell'd our joyful hearts,  
 To meet and mix each growing fruitful wish.  
 We're now embark'd upon that stormy flood  
 Where all the wise and brave are gone before us,  
 Ere since the birth of time, to meet eternity.

*Jones's Essex.*

## F R O S T.

What art thou, frost? And whence are thy keen  
 stores  
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading pow'r,  
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?  
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd,  
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense  
 Thro' water, earth, and æther! Hence at eve  
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
 With the fierce rage of winter deep suffus'd,  
 An icy gale oft shifting, o'er the pool  
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career,  
 Arrests the bick'ring stream; the loosen'd ice  
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,  
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgey bank  
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone  
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heav'n  
 Cemented firm; till seiz'd from shore to shore  
 The whole imprison'd river grows below,  
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
 A double noise; while, at his evening watch,  
 The village dog deters the nightly thief;  
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall  
 Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread  
 Of traveller, the hollow sounding plain  
 Shakes from afar. The full ætherial round,  
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,

Shines

Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope  
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole;  
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls  
 Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
 And seizes nature fast; it freezes on,  
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,  
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous; then appear  
 The various labours of the silent night:  
 Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
 The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair,  
 Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;  
 Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,  
 A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn,  
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave,  
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,  
 Incrustated hard, and sounding to the tread  
 Of early shepherd, as he penlive seeks  
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,  
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, quick descends;

*Thomson's Seasons.*

When stormy Winter from the frozen North,  
 Borne on his icy chariot, issues forth;  
 The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,  
 And waters, hardened into crystal, shine:  
 Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,  
 And the broad floods as with a breast-plate binds.  
 Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roll,  
 Beneath the freezings of the Northern pole;  
 There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,  
 And Alps of ice invade the wond'ring skies;  
 While gulphs below, and slipp'ry vallies lie,  
 And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye.  
 But if warm winds a warmer air restore,  
 And softer breezes bring a genial snow'r,  
 The genial snow'r revives the cheerful plain,  
 And the huge hills flow down into the main.

*Broome's Poems.*

## FUNERAL.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years ;  
 See, with black train the funeral pomp appears,  
 Whether some heir attends in sable state,  
 And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate,  
 Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,  
 A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb.  
 Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,  
 And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd ?  
 No : the dead know it not, nor profit gain,  
 It only serves to prove the living vain.  
 How short is life ? How frail is human trust ?  
 Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust ?

*Gay's Trivia.*

To shew their love the neighbours far and near,  
 Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.  
 Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,  
 While dismally the parson walk'd before.  
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,  
 The daisy, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text  
 That none could tell whose turn would be the next,  
 He said, that heaven would take her soul, no doubt,  
 And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

*Gay's Pastoral Dirge.*

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## G

## GAMING.

**H**USH, pretty boy, thy hopes might have  
 been better :

'Tis lost at dice what ancient honour won ;

Hard, when the father plays away the son.

*Shakespear's Yorkshire Tragedy.*



## GENERAL.

We may consider

The Carthaginian general, is a man  
Worn with employments into much decay  
Of strength and years. Like an aged oak that long  
Hath fought with tempests, and withstood the rage  
Of burning air, now yields to ev'ry gulf  
A bough or arm, till one more violent  
Shatters the dried limbs, or quite roots it up.

*Nabbes' Hannibal and Scipio.*

Who now beholds

The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry, praise and glory on his head!  
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;  
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,  
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note,  
How dread an army hath enrounded him;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night:  
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,  
With chearful semblance and sweet majesty:  
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:  
A largess universal, like the sun,  
His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,  
Thawing cold fear.

*Shakespear's Henry V.*

He in the shock of changing hosts unmov'd,  
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:  
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid:  
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

*Addison's Campaign.*

G E N I U S *of Greece.*

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps  
 Well pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths  
 Of nature and of science; nurse divine  
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!  
 O let the breath of thy extended praise  
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height  
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts  
 Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm  
 That sooth'd this vernal evening into smiles,  
 I steal impatient from the fordid haunts  
 Of strife and low ambition, to attend  
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,  
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.  
 Descend propitious! to my favour'd eye:  
 Such in thy mien, thy warm exalted air,  
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung  
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth,  
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;  
 And at the lightning of thy lifted spear  
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,  
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,  
 Thy smiling bands of arts, thy godlike fires  
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth,  
 Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way  
 Through fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats  
 Of Academus, and the thymy vale;  
 Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,  
 Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream  
 In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store  
 Of these auspicious fields may I unblam'd  
 Transport some living blossoms to adorn  
 My native clime, while far above the flight  
 Of fancy's plume aspiring I unlock  
 The springs of ancient wisdom, while I join  
 Thy name, thrice honour'd! with th' immortal  
 praise

Of nature ; while to my compatriot youth  
I point the high example of thy sons,  
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.*

GENIUS of the Wood.

For know, by lot from Jove, I am the power  
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
To nurse the sapplings tall, and curl the grove  
With ringlets quaint, and wanton winding wove ;  
And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill ;  
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
Or what the cross dire looking planet smites,  
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites :  
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round  
Over the mount and all this hallow'd ground,  
And early ere the od'rous breath of morn  
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn,  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit ev'ry sprout  
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.

*Milton.*

GENTLEMAN.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,  
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,  
From dead men's dust and bones : and none of  
yours,  
Except you make, or hold it.

*Johnson's Every Man in his Humour.*

For your behaviour, let it be free and  
Negligent ; not clogg'd with ceremony  
Or observance : give no man honour, but  
Upon equal terms ; for look how much thou  
Giv'st any man above that, so much thou

Tak'st



Tak'ſt from thyſelf: he that will once give the  
Wall, ſhall be quickly thruſt into the kennel:  
Measure not thy carriage by any man's eye;  
Thy ſpeech by no man's ear; but be reſolute  
And confident in doing and ſaying;  
And this is the grace of a right gentleman.

*Chapman's May Day.*

His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;  
And in a word, (for far behind his worth  
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)  
He is complete in feature and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Shak. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

I am a gentleman; and by my birth  
Companion with a king: a king's no more.  
I am poſſeſs'd of many fair revenues,  
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman,  
Touching my mind, I'm ſtudy'd in all arts;  
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,  
Have been a good proficient.

*Heywood's Woman kill'd with Kindneſs.*

He is a noble gentleman; withal  
Happy in's endeavours: the gen'ral voice  
Sounds him for courteſy, behaviour, language,  
And ev'ry fair demeanor, an example:  
Titles of honour add not to his worth,  
Who is himſelf an honour to his title.

*John Ford's Lady's Trial.*

I am  
A gentleman free-born; I never wore  
The rags of any great man's looks; nor fed  
Upon their after-meals: I never crouch'd  
To th' offal of an office-promis'd  
Reward for long attendance, and then miſt.

I read

I read no difference between this huge,  
 This monstrous big word, lord, and gentleman,  
 More than the title sounds; for aught I learn,  
 The latter is as noble as the first;  
 I'm sure more ancient. *John Ford's Lady's Trial.*

## GENTLEWOMAN.

Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue,  
 Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it,  
 Is like a singular musician  
 To a sweet instrument, or else as doctrine  
 Is to the soul, that puts it into act,  
 And prints it full of admirable forms,  
 Without which 'twere an empty, idle flame.  
 Her eminent judgment to dispose those parts,  
 Sits on her brow, and holds a silver sceptre,  
 With which she keeps time to the several musics,  
 Plac'd in the sacred concert of her beauties:  
 Love's complete armoury is manag'd in her,  
 To stir affection, and the discipline  
 To check and to affright it from attempting  
 Any attaint might disproportion her,  
 Or make her graces less than circular;  
 Yet even her carriage is as far from coyness  
 As from immodesty; in play, in dancing,  
 In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness,  
 In use of places, hours, and companies  
 Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted;  
 As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,  
 And constant as the centre to observe them;  
 Ruthful, and bounteous, never fierce nor dull,  
 In all her courses ever at the full.

*George Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive.*

She is of the best blood, yet betters it  
 With all the graces of an excellent spirit:  
 Mild as the infant rose, and innocent

As

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As when heav'n lent her us. Her mind, as well  
As face, is yet a paradise untainted  
With blemishes, or the spreading weeds of vice.

*Robert Baron's Mirza.*

G H O S T.

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from  
hell,

Be thy events wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee. Oh! answer me;  
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hears'd in earth,  
Have burst their cearments? Why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,  
Has op'd its pond'rous and marble jaws,  
To give thee up again? What may this mean,  
That thou, dear corse, again in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature,  
So horribly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.

I am thy father's spirit,  
Doo 'd for a certain time to walk the night,  
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away. *Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

Can parted souls

Thus leave the midnight caverns dark and damp  
Where sleeps their mould'ring dust, to walk on earth  
This very now, the spectre of a man,——  
It bore the resemblance of my buried father,——  
Stalk'd pale and terrible athwart my sight!  
And glar'd a look of anger as it pass'd!  
—— — — — — I saw it plain.

In



In my lone tent, deep murmurs struck mine ear,  
From airy voices whisp'ring thro' the gloom.  
I listen'd : when at once a wave of flame  
Burst, dimly flashing round me, and disclos'd  
The hideous vision—— *Mallet's Mustapha.*

G I F T.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words ;  
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,  
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.  
*Shak. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Your gift is princely, but it comes too late ;  
And falls, like sun-beams, on a blasted blossom.  
*Suckling's Brennoralt.*

Than what thou mean'st to give, still promise less,  
Hold fast the pow'r, thy promise to increase.  
*Denham.*

G I R D L E.

That which her slender waist confin'd,  
Shall now my joyful temples bind.  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do as this has done.  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move.  
A narrow compass ! And yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.  
Give me but what this ribband bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round. *Waller.*

G L O W - W O R M.

Among the crooked lanes, on ev'ry hedge,  
The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the dark  
A moving radiance twinkles. *Thomson's Seasons.*

G L O R Y.

## G L O R Y.

Glory is like a circle in the water;  
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought  
*Shakespeare's First Part of Henry VI.*

Can brave Leontius be the slave of glory?  
 Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!  
 Glory, the bribe of avaritious virtue!  
*S. Johnson's Irene.*

Disease confers  
 The stamp of value upon health; and glory  
 Is the fair child of peril. *Smollett's Regicide.*

## G N A T.

Fix thy corporeal and internal eye  
 On the young gnat, or new-ingend'red fly:  
 On the vile worm, that yesterday began  
 To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!  
 Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they  
 see,  
 They shew their passions by their acts like thee:  
 Darting their stings, they previously declare  
 Resign'd revenge, and fierce intent of war;  
 Laying their eggs, they evidently prove  
 The genial pow'r, and full effect of love.  
 Each then has organs to digest his food;  
 One to beget, and one receive the brood:  
 Has limbs, and sinews, blood, and heart, and  
 brain,  
 Life and her proper functions to sustain  
 Thro' the whole fabrick, smaller than a grain. }  
 What more can our penurious reason grant  
 To the large whale, or castled elephant?  
 To those enormous terrors of the Nile,  
 The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile!

Them that all differ but in shape and name,  
Each destined to a less or larger fame?

*Prior's Solomon.*

G O D.

It is not so with him that all things knows,  
As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shews :  
But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.

*Shak. All's Well that Ends Well.*

It did please the gods who instruct the people,  
And their unquestioned pleasures must be serv'd.  
They know what's fitter for us than ourselves ;  
And 'twere impiety to think against them.

*Johnson's Cataline.*

Tho' all the doors are sure, and all our servants  
As sure bound with their sleeps, yet there is one  
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind.  
He sees thro' doors; and darkness, and our thoughts;  
And therefore as we should avoid with fear,  
To think amiss ourselves before his search,  
So should we be as curious to shun  
All cause, that others think not ill of us.

*Chapman's Buffy D'Ambois.*

Gods nought foresee, but see : for to their eyes  
Nought is to come, or past, nor are you vile,  
Because the gods foresee ; for God, not we,  
Sees as things are ; things are not, as we see.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

————— For Nature

Never did bring forth a man without a man ;  
Nor could the first man, being but  
The passive subject, not the active mover,

Be



Be the maker of himself ; so, of necessity,  
 There must be a power superior to Nature.

*Tourneur's Atheists Tragedy.*

Now when my mind has all the world survey'd,  
 And found, that nothing by itself was made :  
 When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees,  
 From vallies crown'd with flow'rs, and hills with  
 trees ;

From smoking min'rals, and from rising streams,  
 From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames ;  
 From all the living that four-footed move  
 Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove.  
 From all that can with fin or feather fly  
 Thro' th' aerial or the watry sky :

From the poor reptile with a reas'ning soul,  
 That mis'erable master of the whole ;  
 From this great object of the body's eye  
 This fair half round, this ample azure sky,  
 Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,  
 With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light.  
 From essences unseen, celestial names,  
 Enlightning spirits, ministerial flames,  
 Angels, dominions, potentates and thrones,  
 All that in each degree the name of creature owns :  
 Lift we our reason to that sovereign cause,  
 Who bless'd the whole with life, and bounded it  
 with laws ;

Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,  
 His will and act, his word and work the same ;  
 To whom a thousand years are but a day,  
 Who had the light her genial beams display,  
 And set the moon, and taught the sun his way. }  
 Who waking time, his creature from the source  
 Primeval, ordered his predestined course :  
 Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,  
 Holding, obedient to his high command,

The

The deep abyſs, the long continued ſtore,  
Where months and days, and hours and minutes  
pour  
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no  
more.

This *αλφα* and *ωμην*, firſt and laſt,  
Who, like the potter, in a mould has caſt  
The world's great frame, commanding it to be  
Such as the eyes of ſenſe and reaſon ſee :  
Yet if he wills may change or ſpoil the whole,  
May take yon beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry roll,  
And burn it like an uſeleſs parchment ſcroll :  
May from its baſis in one moment pour  
This melted earth  
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore :  
Who ſole in pow'r at the beginning ſaid,  
Let ſea and air, and earth and heav'n be made.  
And it was ſo——And when he ſhall ordain  
In other ſort, has but to ſpeak again,  
And they ſhall be no more : of this great theme,  
This glorious, hallow'd, everlaſting name,  
This God I would diſcourſe. *Prior's Solomon.*

O, power ſupreme ! O, high above all height,  
Thou gav'ſt the ſun to ſhine, and thou art light !  
Whether he falls, or riſes in the ſkies,  
He by thy voice is taught to fall or riſe ;  
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his ſphere,  
And meaſures out the day, the month, the year.  
He drives the hours along with ſlower pace,  
While the quick minutes nimbly run their race.  
He wakes the flow'rs that ſleep within the earth,  
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth.  
The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales,  
And native incenſe loads the balmy gales ;  
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey  
To heav'n, and to their God an offering pay.

*Broome.*

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Nature, great parent ! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty ! how majestic are thy works !  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,  
That sees astonish'd, and astonish'd sings !

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Who taught the nations of the field and wood  
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food ?  
Prescient the tides or tempests to withstand,  
Build on the wave, or arch, beneath the sand ?  
Who made the spider parallels design,  
Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line ?  
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore  
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before ?  
Who calls the council, states the certain day,  
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

*Prior's Solomon.*

G O L D.

Gold ; yellow, glitt'ring, precious gold :  
Gold that will make black white, foul fair, wrong  
right,

Base noble, old young, coward valiant.

Ha, you Gods ! why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :  
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions ; bless th' accurs'd,  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd, place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation  
With senators on the bench.

*Shakespear's Timon of Athens.*

Tempting gold alone

In this our age more marriages compleats

Than virtue, merit, or the force of love.

'Tis not th' external sweetness of the face,

Th' inward excellence of a virtuous mind,

The



The just behaviour, and the graceful mien,  
 With all th' endowments nature can bestow,  
 Can please the wretch whose riches are his God;  
 Who'd rather ranfack Indian mines for gold,  
 Than revel in some matchless beauty's arms:  
 For which may he never taste the joys it yields;  
 But, as a Midas wallowing in his store,  
 Let him curst be amidst his heaps of wealth.

*Wandesford's Fatal Love.*

The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquests;  
 The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless,  
 The last corruption of degenerate man.

*S. Johnson's Irene.*

O, thou sweet king-killer and dear divorce  
 'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler  
 Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate wooer,  
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,  
 That lies on Dian's lap; thou visible God  
 That souldrest close impossibilities,  
 And mak'st them kifs; that speak'st with ev'ry  
 tongue

To ev'ry purpose! oh, thou touch of hearts,  
 Think thy slave man rebels; and by that virtue  
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
 May have the world in Empire.

*Shak. Timon of Athens.*

## GRACES.

The fair Euphrosyne, the gentle queen  
 Of smiles and graceful gladness and delights,  
 That chear alike the hearts of mortal men,  
 And pow'rs immortal. See the shining pair!  
 Behold where from their dwelling, now disclos'd  
 They quit their youthful charge, and seek the skies!  
 I look'd, and on the flow'ry turf there stood,

Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth,  
Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flow'r  
Of beauty; sweetest innocence illum'd  
His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow  
Sat young simplicity. With fond regard  
He view'd the associates, as their steps they mov'd.  
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,  
With mild regret invoking her return.  
Bright as the star of evening she appear'd,  
Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth  
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd,  
And smiles eternal, from her candid eyes,  
Flow'd like the dewy lustre of the morn,  
Effusive trembling on the placid waves.  
The spring of heav'n had shed its blushing spoils  
To bind her sable tresses: full diffus'd  
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;  
And in her hand she way'd a living branch  
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm  
The wrathful heart, and from the brightning eyes  
To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime  
The heav'nly partner mov'd; the prime of age  
Compos'd her steps; the presence of a God  
High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,  
From each majestic motion darted awe,  
Devoted awe! till cherish'd by her looks  
Benevolent and meek, confiding love  
To filial rapture softened all the soul.  
Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword  
Of chaste dominion; an heroic crown  
Displayed the old simplicity of pomp  
Around her honour'd head; a matron's robe  
White as the sun-shine streams thro' vernal clouds,  
Her stately form invested. Hand in hand  
The immortal pair forsook the enamell'd green,  
Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light  
Gleam'd round their path; celestial sounds were  
heard,

And

And thro' the fragrant air ætheriál dew  
 Distill'd around them; 'till at once the clouds  
 Disparting wide in midway-sky, withdrew  
 Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse  
 Of empyrean flame, where spent and drown'd,  
 Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan  
 What object is involved.

*Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination.*

## GRATITUDE.

———— I've five hundred crowns,  
 The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,  
 When service in my old limbs lie lame,  
 And unregarded age in corners thrown:  
 Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea providently caters for the sparrow,  
 Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,  
 All this I give you, let me be your servant;  
 Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood:  
 Nor did with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you,  
 I'll do the service of a younger man  
 In all your business and necessities.

*Shakespeare's As you like it.*

He that has nature in him must be grateful,  
 'Tis the Creator's primary great law,  
 That links the chain of beings to each other,  
 Joining the greater to the lesser nature,  
 Tying the weak and strong, the poor and powerful,  
 Subduing men to brutes, and even brutes to men.

*Madan's Themistocles.*



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The wretch, whom gratitude once fails to bind,  
To truth or honour let him lay no claim;  
But stand confess'd the brute disguis'd in man.  
And when we would, with utmost detestation,  
Single some monster from the traitor head,  
'Tis but to say ingratitude's his crime.

*Frowde's Philotas.*

—— Do thou repay the gift,  
Left unrewarded mercy lose its charms.  
Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,  
What heav'n bestows the privilege to bless;  
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,  
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain.

*Johnson's Irene.*

The benefits he sow'd in me, met not  
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own  
With fair increase; and I still glory in it:  
And tho' my fortune's poor compar'd to his,  
And Milan weigh'd with France, appear as nothing,  
Tho' domains, goodly and fair to all,  
Are in thy fury burnt: let it be mention'd  
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend  
The solemn flame at this great funeral:  
And with them I will gladly waste myself,  
Rather than undergo the imputation  
Of being base or unthankful.

*Massinger's Duke of Milan.*

I find a pious gratitude disperse  
Within my soul; and every thought of him  
Ingenders a warm sigh within me, which,  
Like curls of holy incense, overtake  
Each other in my bosom, and inlarge  
With their embrace his sweet remembrance.

*Shirley's Brothers.*

GRAVE.

## G R A V E.

How populous! how vital is the grave!  
 This is creation's melancholy vault,  
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;  
 The land of apparitions, empty shades.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

———The reconciling grave  
 Swallows distinction first that made us foes;  
 There all lie down in peace together.

*Southern's Fatal Marriage.*

What will they then avail him in the grave?  
 His various policies, refin'd devices,  
 His subtle wit, his quick capacious thought!  
 Will they go with him to the grave? no, no!  
 Why then should he be proud?

*Martyn's Timoleon.*

———Shall I not rest  
 Within the peaceful tomb, where I may sleep  
 In calm oblivion, and forget the wrecks  
 Of stormy life? —No sounds disturb the grave  
 Of murder'd husbands; or the dismal scream  
 Of infants perishing.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

## G R A V I T Y.

I tell thee what, Antonio,  
 There a sort of men whose visages  
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;  
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
 As who shou'd say, I am Sir Oracle,  
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.  
 Oh, my Antonio! I do know of those,  
 That therefore only are reputed wise,  
 For saying nothing.

*Shakesp. Merchant of Venice.*

## G R E A T N E S S.

I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs:  
 And from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haſte now to my ſetting. I ſhall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the ev'ning,  
 And no man ſee me more.

*Shakeſpear's Henry VIII.*

*Part of a Scene in the fourth Act of Shakeſpear's  
 Henry VIII.*

Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatneſs!  
 This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,  
 And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;  
 The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt;  
 And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely  
 His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root;  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,  
 Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory;  
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with ſervice, to the mercy  
 Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
 I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes favours:  
 There is, betwixt that ſmile he would aſpire to,  
 That ſweet aſpect of princes, and his ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than war and women have;  
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again. My good Cromwell,  
 I know myſelf now, and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities;  
 A ſtill and quiet conſcience. The king has cur'd me,  
 I humbly thank his grace; and from theſe ſhoulders,  
 Theſe ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken



A load would sink a navy ; too much honour.  
 Oh ! 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burden  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.  
 No sun shall usher forth my honours,  
 Or gild again the noble troops, that waited  
 On my smiles. Go, get thee from me Cromwell;  
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;  
 (That sun, I pray may never set,) I've told him  
 What and how true thou art : he will advance  
 thee.

Some little memory of me will stir him.  
 I know his noble nature, not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O, my lord !

Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master ?  
 Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord :  
 The king shall have my service ; but my prayers  
 For ever, and for ever shall be yours.

*Wolsey.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries ; but now thou hast found me,  
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman---  
 Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
 And when I'm forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee :  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way out of his wreck, to rise in :  
 A sure and safe one, tho' thy master miss'd it ;  
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me :  
 Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition ;  
 By that sin fell the angels : how can man then,

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(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?  
Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate  
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty;  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues: be just and fear not.  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou fall'st,  
oh, Cromwell!

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
And prythee, lead me in——

There, take an inventory of all I have  
To the last penny: 'tis the king's. My robe,  
And my integrity to heav'n, is all  
I dare call now mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-  
well!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court: my hopes in heav'n do well.

*Shakespeare.*

Now climb thee Tamora Olympus' top  
Safe out of fortune's shot and sit aloft,  
Advanc'd above pale Envy's threat'ning reach;  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn;  
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops th' zodiac in his glitt'ring coach,  
And overlooks the highest piercing hills.

*Shak. Titus Andronicus.*

He doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
'To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

*Shak. Julius Caesar.*

He,

He, like a pyramid, revers'd is grown,  
 Ev'n from a point to the most dreadful greatness;  
 His very name already shakes the world.

*Lee's Theodosius.*

Could great men thunder  
 As Jove himself doth, Jove wou'd ne'er be quiet;  
 For every pelting petty officer  
 Would use his heav'n for thunder.  
 Nothing but thunder. Merciful heav'n!  
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt  
 Split'st the unwedgeable and knarl'd oak  
 Than the soft myrtle. O, but man! proud man!  
 Drest in a little brief authority,  
 Most ignorant of what lies most assur'd:  
 But glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n  
 As make the angels weep; who with our spleens  
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*Shak. Measure for Measure.*

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:  
 Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them;  
 But in the less, foul prophanation.

*Shak. Measure for Measure.*

That in the captain's but a choleric word,  
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Shak. Measure for Measure.*

I now begin to loath all human greatness:  
 I'll fly all courts, and love shall be my guide.  
 Love, that's more worth than all the world beside;  
 State grows uneasy when it hinders love;  
 A glorious burthen which the wise remove.  
 Whom heav'n would bless from pomp it will  
 remove,  
 And make their wealth in privacy and love.

*Dryden's Aurengzebe.*



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Greatness, most envied when least understood,  
Thou art not real, but a seeming good ;  
Sick at the heart, thou in the face look'st well.  
By thy exalted state we only gain  
To be more wretched than the vulgar can.

*Sedley's Anthony and Cleopatra.*

How are we bandied up and down by fate,  
By so much more unhappy, as we're great.  
*Orway's Don Carlos.*

What a scene  
Of solemn mockery is all human grandeur !  
Thus worshipp'd, thus exalted by the breath  
Of adulation, are my passions sooth'd,  
My secret pangs asswag'd. The peasant hind  
Who drives his camel o'er the burning waste,  
With heat and hunger smote, knows happier days  
And sounder nights than I.

*Mallet's Mustapha.*

How happy they, beneath the humble roof,  
Who live by nature, and by nature love !  
Their's the calm, the peaceful state of bliss ;  
While venal grandeur, whose accurst abode  
The pleasing god-head still abhorred flies,  
Tastes no true joy, and only seems to love,  
Dissembling, faithless, full of secret woes.

*Paterfon's Arminius.*

My little ones, come to your fire's embrace :  
'Tis all we can bestow---in them behold  
What human grandeur is. The peasant's offspring  
Have some retreat, some safe tho' lonely home :  
But you, my babes, you have no habitation.

*Mallet's Alfred.*

Thrice happy they who sleep in humble life  
Beneath the storm ambition blows: 'tis meet

The

The great should have the same of happiness,  
 The consolation of a little envy;  
 'Tis all their pay for those superior cares,  
 Those pangs of heart their vassals ne'er can feel.  
*Young's Brothers.*

Oh place! Oh form!  
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
 To thy false seeming?  
*Shak. Measure for Measure.*

Greatness has its cankers, worms, and moths,  
 Bred out of too much humour, in the things  
 Which after they consume, transferring quite  
 The substance of their makers into themselves.  
*Johnson's Sejanus.*

Since by your greatness, you  
 Are nearer heav'n in place, be nearer it  
 In goodness. Rich men should transcend the poor  
 As clouds th' earth; rais'd by the comfort of  
 The sun, to water dry and barren grounds.  
*Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.*

They that are great and worthy to be so,  
 Hide not their rays from meanest plants that  
 grow.

Why is the sun set on a throne so high,  
 But to give light to each inferior eye?  
 His radiant eyes distribute lively grace  
 To all according to their worth and place;  
 And from the humble ground these vapours drain,  
 Which are sent down in fruitful drops of rain.  
*Sir John Beaumont's Bosworth Field.*

It is the curse of greatness  
 To be its own destruction. So we see  
 That

## POETICAL DICTIONARY.

That mountain cedars have the least defence  
'Gainst storms, when shrubs confront their violence.  
*Nabb's Hannibal and Scipio.*

## G R E E C E.

Greece, once the seat  
Where sense and freedom held the reins of state:  
Where force was reason's handmaid: where the  
bands  
Of love and friendship join'd the wedded hands:  
Where flourish'd once, and flourish still in fame,  
The Athenian matron and the Spartan dame

*R. West.*

## G R E E N, a colour.

——— Gay green:  
Thou smiling nature's universal robe:  
United light and shade; where the light dwells  
With growing strength, and ever new delight.  
*Thompson's Seasons.*

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill  
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.  
*Thompson's Seasons.*

## G R I E F.

My grief lies all within;  
And those external manners of laments  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
That swells with silence in my tortur'd soul.  
There lies the substance.  
*Shakespear's Richard II.*  
Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm  
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fixt,

The



The leffer is scarce felt. When the mind's free  
The body's delicate. The tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else  
Save what beats there. *Shakespeare's King Lear.*

My soul lies hid in shades of grief;  
Whence, like the bird of night, with half-shut eyes,  
She peeps, and sickens at the sight of day.  
*Dryden's Rival Ladies.*

I felt no sorrows then; but now my grief  
Like festring wounds, grown cold, begins to smart:  
The raging anguish gnaws and tears my heart.  
*Rocheſter's Valentinian.*

Her ſtiffning grief,  
Who ſaw her children ſlaughter'd all at once  
Is dull to mine. *Dryden's Oedipus.*

The ſun that with one look ſurveyſes the globe,  
Sees not a wretch like me; and could the world  
Take a right meaſure of my ſtate within,  
Mankind muſt either pity me or ſcorn me.  
*Dryden's Maiden Queen.*

There is a kind of mournful eloquence  
In thy dumb grief, which ſhames all clam'rous  
Sorrow. *Lee's Theodoſius.*

I have been in ſuch a diſmal place  
Where joy ne'er enters, which the ſun ne'er cheers;  
Bound in with darkneſs, o'erſpread with damps;  
Where I have ſeen, if I could ſay I ſaw,  
The good old king majeſtic in his bonds;  
And 'midſt his griefs moſt venerably great,  
By a dim winking lamp, which feebly broke  
The gloomy vapours: he lay ſtretch'd along  
Upon th' unwholſome earth, his eyes fix'd upwards,  
And ever and anon a ſilent tear

Stole

Stole down, and trickled from his hoary beard;  
 My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,  
 As early blossoms are with eastern blasts.  
 He sent for me, and whilst I rais'd his head,  
 He threw his aged arms about my neck,  
 And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:  
 So leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,  
 We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Words will have way, or grief suppress'd in vain,  
 Would burst its passage with th' out-rushing soul.

*Hill's Alzira.*

It is the wretches comfort still to have  
 Some small reserve of near and inward woe:  
 Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,  
 Which they unseen, may wail, and weep, and  
 mourn;  
 And glutton-like, devour alone.

*Congreve's Mourning Bride.*

Time gives increase to my afflictions:  
 The circling hours that gather all the woes  
 Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving year  
 Come heavy loaden with th' oppressive weight  
 To me: with me successively they leave  
 The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,  
 And all the damps of grief that did retard their  
 flight:  
 They shake their downy wings, and scatter all  
 Their dire collected dews on my poor head,  
 Then fly with joy and swiftness from me.

*Congreve's Mourning Bride.*

That eating canker, grief, with wasteful spight  
 Preys on the rosy bloom of youth and beauty.

*Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.*

No

No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,  
 Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes;  
 But haggard grief, lean looking, fallow care,  
 And pining discontent, a rueful train  
 Dwell on my brow all hideous and forlorn.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Now sunk in grief and pining in despair,  
 Her waining form no longer shall incite  
 Envy in women, or desire in man:  
 She never sees the sun but thro' her tears,  
 And wakes to sigh the live-long nights away.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

But know, young prince, that valour soars to  
 What the world calls misfortune and affliction:  
 These are not ills, else they would never fall  
 On heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men.  
 The Gods in bounty work up storms about us,  
 That give mankind occasion to exert  
 Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice  
 Virtues which shun the day, and lie concealed  
 In the smooth seasons and calms of life.

*Addison's Cato.*

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,  
 But to the Gods permit the event of things;  
 Our lives discolour'd with the present woes,  
 May still grow bright and smile with happier hours;  
 So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains  
 Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,  
 Works itself clear, and as it runs refines;  
 'Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,  
 Reflects each flower that on the border grows,  
 And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shews.

*Addison's Cato.*

What a rich feast the canker grief has made,  
 How has it suck'd the roses of thy cheeks!  
 And drank the liquid crystal of thy eyes.

*Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.*



Thou and thy sorrows now are all at peace,  
 But I have woes, unnumber'd woes to come:  
 If any ask whose eyes are forc'd to see,  
 Unhallow'd view, a murder'd lover's coarse;  
 If any ask whose arms expect to grasp  
 A dying father in a last embrace;  
 If any ask what orphan's tongue must charm  
 The ghost of sorrow in a widow'd mother,  
 Conduct him here. In me behold that wretch,  
 The scene and center of all human grief.

*Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.*

— I saw her

Cast on the ground, in mourning weeds she lies,  
 Her torn and loosen'd tresses shade her round,  
 Thro' which her face, all pale as she were dead,  
 Gleams like a sickly moon: too great her grief  
 For words or tears, but ever and anon,  
 After a dreadful still insidious calm,  
 Collecting all her breath, long long suppress'd;  
 She sobs her soul out in a lengthen'd groan,  
 So sad it breaks the heart of all that hear,  
 And sends her maids in agonies away.

*Young's Busiris.*

A-while she stood

Transform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd  
 Her own pale monument; but when she breath'd  
 The secret anguish of her wounded soul,  
 So moving were the plaints, they wou'd have sooth'd  
 The stooping falcon to suspend his flight,  
 And spare his mourning prey.

*Fenton's Mariamne.*

Act for me now, and save me, great Alcides!  
 To power like thine, all things are possible;  
 And grief, oppress'd on earth, finds friends in  
 heaven.

Then

Then when the woe-press'd heart is tir'd with care,  
And every human prospect bids despair,  
Break but one gleam of heav'nly comfort in,  
And a new race of triumphs, thence, begin.

*Hill's Merope.*

We know,  
There oft is found an avarice in grief;  
And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze  
Upon its secret hoard of treasur'd woes  
And pining solitude.

*Mason's Elfrida.*

Am I fair?  
Am I a princess? Love and empire mine?  
Gay gorgeous visions dancing in my sight!  
No, here I stand a naked shipwreck'd wretch,  
Cold, trembling, pale, spent, helpless, hopeless,  
mad.

Cast on a shore as cruel as the waves,  
O'er-hung with rugged rocks too steep to climb;  
The mountains billows loud, come foaming in  
Tremendous, and confound, ere they devour.

*Young's Brothers.*

O luxury!  
Of mutual ill—let us enjoy the feast,  
To groan re-echo groan, in concert raise  
Our lamentation; and when sorrow swells  
Too big for utterance, the silent streams  
Forbear to flow, the voice again shall wail.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

That I grieve, that's true,  
But 'tis a grief of fury: no despair;  
And if a manly drop or two fall down,  
It scalds along my cheeks, like the green wood,  
That sputtering in the flame, works outward  
Into tears.

*Dryden's Cleomenes.*

GROTTO.

## GROTTO.

Thou who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent  
wave

Shoots a broad mirrour through the shadowy cave;  
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distill,  
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill:

Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,  
And latent metals innocently glow:

Approach, great nature studiously behold!

And eye the mine without a wish for gold.

Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Ægerian grott,  
Where nobly pensive St. John sat and thought;  
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,  
And the bright flame was shot through March-  
mont's soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,  
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

*Pope.*

## GROVE.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth  
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:  
That forming night in air a wood and quire  
Nods o'er the mount beneath.

*Warren.*

Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,  
And part admit and part exclude the day:

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,  
Nor quite indulges; nor can quite repress.

*Pope's Windsor Forest.*

This shadowing desert, unfrequented wood,  
I better brook than flourishing peopl'd towns,  
Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

*Shak. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Dear



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Dear solitary groves, where peace does dwell!  
Sweet harbours of pure love and innocence!  
How willingly could I for ever stay  
Beneath the shade of your embracing greens,  
Lift'ning to the harmony of warbling birds,  
Tun'd with the gentle murmur of the streams;  
Upon whose bank, in various livery,  
The fragrant offspring of the early year,  
Their heads, like graceful swans, bent proudly  
down,  
See their own beauties in the crystal flood.

*Rochester's Valentinian.*

## G U I L T.

Behold her guilty looks; for guilt will speak,  
Tho' tongues were out of use.

*Shakespeare's Othello.*

Where shall I find a refuge?

No barb'rous nation will receive a guilt  
So much transcending their's; but drive me out:  
The wildest beasts will hunt me from their dens,  
And birds of prey molest me in the grave.

*Lee's Alexander.*

Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so  
horrid

As can express my guilt. *Dryden's All for Love.*

My senses blaze, my last I know is come,  
My last hours, 'tis wondrous horrid now,  
My lawless love, and boundless power reproach me.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

O power of guilt, you fear to stand the test,  
Which virtue brings, like sores your vices shake  
Before this Roman healer: But by the Gods,  
Before

Before I go, I'll rip the malady,  
And let the venom flow before your eyes.

*Lee's Theodosius.*

Let us go together,  
Full of our guilt, distracted where to roam,  
Like the first wretched pair, dispell'd their paradise;  
Let's find some place, where adder's nest in winter,  
Loathsome and venomous, where poisons hang  
Like gums against the walls, where witches meet  
By night, and feed upon some pamper'd imp,  
Fat with the blood of babes; there we'll inhabit.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Guilt is the source of sorrow, 'tis the fiend,  
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind  
With whips and stings.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

And dost thou bear me yet, thou passive earth!  
Dost thou not labour with my murd'rous weight?  
And you, ye glitt'ring heav'nly hosts of stars,  
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;  
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,  
And nature sickens at me.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Now as I pass, the crowded way shall sound  
With hissing scorn, and murm'ring detestation;  
The latest annals shall record my shame;  
And when th' avenging muse with pointed rage  
Would sink some impious woman down to hell,  
She'll say, she's base, she's false, she's foul as  
Phædra.

*Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.*

Henceforth, let no man trust the first false step  
Of guilt, it hangs upon a precipice,  
Whose steep descent in last perdition ends.  
How far I'm plung'd down beyond all thought,

Which

Which I this evening fram'd; but be it so,  
 Consummate horror, guilt beyond a name!  
 Dare not my soul repent; in thee repentance  
 Were second guilt, and thou blasphem'st just heav'n  
 By hoping mercy. Ah, my pains will cease,  
 When Gods want power to punish;  
 Rise never more, O sun, let night prevail,  
 Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene,  
 And hide me from Nicanor and myself.

*Young's Busiris.*

Why all these signs in nature, why this tumult,  
 To tell me I am guilty? If my crown  
 The fates demand, why let them take it back.  
 My crown indeed I may resign, but oh!  
 Who can awake the dead?

'Tis hence these speeches shock my midnight  
 thoughts,

And nature's laws are broke to discompose me;  
 'Tis I that whirl these hurricanes in air,  
 And shake the earth's foundation with my guilt.

*Young's Busiris.*

Late; too late I find,  
 Nor faith, nor gratitude, nor friendly trust:  
 No force of obligations can subsist  
 Between the guilty.

*Brook's Gustavus Vasa.*

O what a state is guilt—how wild! how  
 wretched!

When apprehension can form nought but fears,  
 And we disturb Security herself!—

*Havard's Regulus.*

Such is the fate of guilt to make slaves tools,  
 And then to make 'm masters—by our secrets.

*Havard's Regulus.*

How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,  
 Intimidates the brave, degrades the great.

*S. Johnson's Irene.*

When



When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,  
Mistake shall blasphe<sup>m</sup> or accident destroy;  
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,  
But heav'n shall guide it to the guilty heart.

*S. Johnson's Irene.*

Jealous of danger, men make haste in guilt:  
Worst, to be safe, and hold no means too wicked.

*Hill's Merope.*

He who puts on guilt, must cast off shame.

*Hill's Merope.*

Oh conscious guilt!  
How dumb thy voice, unlook'd for, strikes the  
bold.

*Hill's Merope.*

Outcasts of virtue,  
What nation will receive us? Whither fly?  
Where-e'er the sun drives round the various day,  
'Tis the same sun, that here beheld our guilt;  
In vain the midnight cloud shall fall upon us,  
Nor shall the grave's eternal darkness hide it;  
'Twill rise to future worlds.

*Francis's Eugenia.*

'Tis guilt alone,  
Like brain-sick frenzy, in its feverish mood,  
Fills the light air with visionary terrors,  
And shapeless forms of fear.

*Francis's Eugenia.*

## GUIDE.

————— I stand like one  
Has lost his way, and no man near him to enquire  
it of:

Yet there's a providence above, that knows  
The roads which ill men tread, and can direct  
Enquiring justice: the passengers that travel

In

In the wide ocean, where no ships are;  
 Look up and leave their conduct to a star.  
*Sir Robert Howard's Surprisal.*

## GUINEA.

On Guinea's sultry strand, the drap'ry light  
 Of Manchester or Norwich, is bestow'd  
 For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,  
 And snow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,  
 Along this barb'rous coast, in telling wounds  
 The gen'rous heart, the sale of wretched slaves,  
 Slaves by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death  
 For life-long servitude; severe exchange!  
 These till our fertile colonies, which yield  
 The sugar cane, and the tobacco leaf,  
 And various new productions, that invite  
 Increasing navies to their crouded wharfs.

But let the man, whose rough tempestuous hours  
 In this advent'rous traffic are involv'd,  
 With just humanity of heart pursue  
 The gainful commerce: wickedness is blind;  
 Their sable chieftains may in future times  
 Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute  
 On cruel unrelenting pride of heart,  
 And av'rice. ————— *Dyer's Fleece.*

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## H.

## HAIL.

**H**E from loose vapours with an icy chain,  
 Binds the round hail, and moulds the harden'd  
 rain;

The stony tempest with a rushing sound,  
 Beats the firm glebe, revolting from the ground:  
 Swiftly it falls, and, as it falls, invades  
 The rising herb, or breaks the spreading blades;

While infant flow'rs that rais'd their blooming heads,  
Crush'd by its fury, sink into their beds. *Brooms.*

## H A L L O W E D.

———— Here shalt thou rest  
Upon this holy bank ; no deadly snake  
Upon this turf herself in folds does make ;  
Here is no poison for the toad to feed :  
Here boldly spread thy hands ; no venom'd weed  
Dares blister them ; no slimy snail dare creep  
Over thy face, when thou art fast asleep :  
Here never durst the babbling cuckow spit ;  
No slough of falling star did ever hit  
Upon this bank : let this thy cabin be,  
This other set with violets for me.

*Beaum. Faithful Shepherds.*

## H A N D.

To this, in comparison, all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman.

*Sh. Troil. and Cressida.*

I take thy hand, this hand,  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;  
Or Æthiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow  
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

*Shakespeare's Winter's Tale.*

1. Give me your hand ; this hand is moist, my lady.
2. It hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
1. This argues fruitfulness, and lib'ral heart :  
Hot, hot, and moist — this hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout ;  
For here's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels ; 'tis a good hand ;  
A frank one.



2. You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand, that gave my heart away.

1. A lib'ral hand. The hearts of old, gave hands;  
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

*Shakespear's Othello.*

## H A P P I N E S S.

No happiness can be where is no rest,  
Th' unknown, untalk'd of man, is only blest.  
He, as in some safe cliff, his cell does keep,  
From thence he views the labour of the deep:  
The gold-fraught vessel, which mad tempests beat,  
He sees now vainly make to his retreat;  
And when from far the tenth wave does appear,  
Shrinks up in silent joy, he is not there.

*Dryden's Tyrannick Love.*

To be good is to be happy; angels  
Are happier than men, because they're better.  
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,  
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind  
With whips and stings: the bless'd know none of  
this,  
But rest in everlasting peace of mind.  
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

What art thou, Happiness, so sought by all,  
So greatly envy'd, yet so seldom found?  
Of what strange nature is thy composition,  
When gold and grandeur sue to thee in vain?  
The Prince who leads embattled thousands forth,  
And with a nod commands the universe,  
Knows not the language to make thee obey;  
Tho' he with armies strews the hostile plain,  
And hews out avenues of death, he still  
Loses his way to thee, because content  
Appears not on the road, to light him to thee: —  
Content and happiness are then the same;

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And they are seldom found, but in the bed  
Where unmolested innocence resides.

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

Praise is the sacred attribute of heaven.  
'Tis ours alone, with humble, grateful hearts,  
T'employ the gracious instinct it bestows  
To our own honour, happiness and virtue:  
For happiness and virtue are the same.

*Francis's Eugenia.*

Oh happiness! our being's end and aim!  
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name:  
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;  
Which, still so near us, yet beyond us lies,  
O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool and wise.  
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,  
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?  
Fair op'ning to some courts propitious shine,  
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?  
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?  
Where grows? Where grows it not? If vain our  
toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:  
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,  
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry-where;  
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,  
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with  
thee; —

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;  
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;  
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;  
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;  
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,  
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who

Who thus define it, say they more or less  
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;  
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;  
Obvious her goods, in no extremes they dwell;  
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Learn, gen'rous prince, what's little understood,  
The god-like happiness of doing good.  
How glorious to defend, and to bestow!  
From nobler springs can human pleasures flow?  
A solid good, which nothing can destroy,  
The best prerogative the great enjoy:  
For this, remember, monarchs first were made,  
For this, young prince, be lov'd and be obey'd;  
At once yourself and mighty nations bless,  
And make humanity your happiness.

*H. Jacob's Chiron to Achilles.*

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies;  
And they are fools who roam,  
The world has nothing to bestow,  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut our home.

*Dr. Cotton's Fire-Side.*

— There is nothing either good or bad,  
But thinking makes it so.

*Shakesp. Hamlet.*

## H A R L O T.

— Consumptions sow  
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp thins,  
And mar men's spurring; crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly; hoar the flamen  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself; down with the nose,



Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away  
 Of him, that his particular to foresee  
 Smells from the general weal ;  
 Make curl'd-pate ruffians bald ;  
 And let the unscar'd braggards of the war  
 Drive some pain from you.

*Shakspear's Timon of Athens.*

*The first Scene of the second Act of Venice Preserv'd.*  
 PIERRE and AQUILLINA (a courtesan.)

*Aqui.* By all thy wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my arms  
 Than all the wealth of Venice: prithee stay,  
 And let us love to-night.

*Pier.* No: there's fool,  
 There's fool about thee: when a woman sells  
 Her flesh to fools, her beauty's lost to me ;  
 They leave a tainted sully, where they've pass'd ;  
 There's such a baneful quality about 'em,  
 E'en spoils complexions with their nauseousness ;  
 'They infect all they touch ; I cannot think  
 Of tasting any thing a fool has pall'd.

*Aqui.* I loath and scorn that fool thou mean'st as  
 much,  
 Or more than thou can'st ; but the beast has gold,  
 That makes him necessary ; power too,  
 To qualify my character, and poise me  
 Equal with peevish virtue, that beholds  
 My liberty with envy : in their hearts  
 They're loose as I am ; but an ugly power  
 Sits in their faces, and frights pleasures from them.

*Pier.* Much good may't do you, madam, with  
 your senator.

*Aqui.* My senator ! why canst thou think that  
 wretch  
 E'er fill'd thy Aquilina's arms with pleasure ?  
 Think'st thou, because I sometimes give him leave  
 To soil himself at what he is unfit for ;

Because

Because I force myself t'endure and suffer him,  
 Think'st thou I love him? No, by all the joys  
 Thou ever gav'st me, his presence is my penance;  
 The worst thing an old man can be's a lover,  
 A mere *memento mori* to poor woman.

I néver lay by his decrepid side,  
 But all that night I ponder'd on my grave.

*Pier.* Would he were well sent thither.

*Aqui.* That's my wish too:

For then, my Pierre, I might have cause with pleasure

To play the hypocrite: oh! how I could weep  
 Over the dying dotard, and kiss him too,  
 In hopes to smother him quite; then, when the time  
 Was come to pay my sorrows at his funeral,  
 (For he has already made me heir to treasures  
 Wou'd make me out-act a real widow's whining)  
 How could I frame my face to fit my mourning!  
 With wringing hands attend him to his grave,  
 Fall swooning on his hearse; take mad possession  
 E'en of the dismal vault, where he lay buried;  
 There, like th' Ephesian matron, dwell, till thou,  
 My lovely soldier, com'st to my deliverance;  
 Then, throwing up my veil with open arms  
 And laughing eyes, run to new-dawning joy.

*Oirway.*

## HARMONY.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment.  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence:  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, thro' the empty vaulted night;  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the syrens three

Amidst the flowry kirtled Naiades,  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,  
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium. Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.  
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
 I never heard 'till now. — *Milton's Comus.*

As I late was angling  
 In the great lake that lies behind the palace,  
 From the fair shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,  
 As patiently I was attending sport,  
 I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive  
 I gave my ear, when I might well perceive  
 'T was one that sung, and by the smallness of it  
 A boy or woman. I then left my angle  
 To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not  
 Who made the sound; the rushes and the reeds  
 Had so encompast it: I laid me down  
 And listen'd to the words she sung, for then,  
 Thro' a small glade, cut by the fisherman,  
 I saw it was your daughter:  
 She sung much, but no sense, only I heard her  
 Repeat this often; "Palamon is gone,  
 Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries:  
 I'll find him out to-morrow;  
 His shackles will betray him; he'll be taken,  
 And what shall I do then? I'll bring a heavy,  
 A hundred black-ey'd maids, that love as I do,  
 With chaplets on their heads, with daffadillies,  
 With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,  
 And we'll all dance an antick before the duke,  
 And beg his pardon;" then she talk'd of you, Sir,  
 That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,  
 And



And she must gather flowers to bury you,  
 And see the house made handsome; then she sung  
 Nothing but, willow, willow, willow, and between  
 Even was Palamon, fair Palamon,  
 And Palamon was a tall young man. The place  
 Was knee deep where she sate; her careless tresses,  
 A wreath of bull-rush rounded: about her stuck  
 Thousand fresh water flowers of several colours,  
 That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph  
 That feeds the lake with waters: or as Iris,  
 Newly dropt down from heav'n: rings she made  
 Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke  
 The prettiest posies, "thus one true love's ty'd:  
 This you may loose, not me," and many a one;  
 And then she wept; and sung again, and sigh'd;  
 And with the same breath smil'd, and kiss'd her hand.  
 I made in to her:

She saw me, and straight sought the flood: I sav'd her,  
 And set her safe to land; when presently  
 She flipt away, and to the city made  
 With such a cry and swiftneſs, that believe me,  
 She left me far behind her: three or four  
 I saw from far off cross her; one of them  
 I knew to be your brother, where she staid, &c.

*Beaum. and Fletch. Noble Kinsmen.*

## H A R V E S T.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;  
 Before the ripen'd fields the reapers stand,  
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,  
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate:  
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
 At once they stoop and swell the lussy sheaves:  
 While through their chearful band the rural talk,  
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;  
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

## H A T R E D.

For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tyger,  
May fawn and sport, but never leaves his nature;  
The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,  
Is like a small stone thrown into a river,  
The breach scarce heard; but view the beaten  
current,

And you shall see a thousand angry rings  
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;  
So jars circling distrusts, distrusts breeding dangers,  
And dangers death, the greatest extreme shallow;  
Till nothing bound them but the shore their graves.

*Beaum. and Fletch. Bloody Brothers.*

He is my bane, I cannot bear him;  
One heaven and earth can never hold us both:  
Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly  
Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever:  
As if two suns should meet in one meridian,  
And strive in fiery combat for the passage.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,  
Are three things women hold highly in hate.

*Shakes. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

## H A S T E.

After him came spurring hard,  
A gentleman, almost fore-spent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breath his bloodied horse:  
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand the news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me that rebellion had ill luck;

And

And that young Harry Piercy's spur was cold.  
 With that he gave his able horse the head.  
 And, bending forward, struck his agile heels  
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
 Up to the rowel head ; and, starting so,  
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
 Staying no longer question.

*Shakesf. Henry IV.*

### H A W K E R.

The hawker fears not, in his warbling note,  
 To vend the discontented statesman's thought.  
 Tho' red with stripes, and recent from the thong,  
 Sore smitten for the love of sacred song,  
 The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,  
 Like Philomela darkling in the shade.  
 Poor Trot attends, forgetful of a fare,  
 And hums in concert o'er his empty chair.

*Tickle's Letter of a Lady to Avignon.*

### H A Y - M A K I N G.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :  
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
 Healthful and strong, full as the summer rose ;  
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
 Ev'n stooping age is here ; and infant hands  
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load,  
 O'er-charged, amid the kind oppression roll.  
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row,  
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,  
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,  
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell :  
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,



In order gay ; while heard from dale to dale,  
Waking the breeze re-sounds the blended voice  
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

## HEALTH.

Auspicious health, appear'd on zephyr's wing ;  
She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,  
More soft than air, than blushing morning light.  
Hail ! blooming goddess ! thou propitious Pow'r,  
Whose blessings mortals next to life implore ;  
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,  
That cottages are courts when these appear.  
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,  
Find ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.

*Garth's Dispensary.*

Daughter of Peon, queen of every joy,  
Hygeia, whose indulgent mind sustains  
The various race luxuriant Nature pours,  
And on th' immortal essences bestows  
Immortal youth ; auspicious, O descend !  
Thou chearful guardian of the rolling year,  
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,  
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,  
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracts  
Of air, thro' earth and ocean's deep domain,  
When thro' the blue serenity of heav'n  
Thy pow'r approaches, all the wasteful host  
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,  
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,  
Wherein deep Erebus involv'd the fiends,  
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,  
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,  
Swarm thro' the mudd'ring air ; whatever plagues,  
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings  
Rise from the putrid watry element,  
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,  
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,

Or

Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field:  
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south,  
 Whatever ills the extreme or sudden change  
 Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;  
 They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all  
 The secret poisons of avenging heav'n,  
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train  
 Of vice and heedless pleasure: or if aught  
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,  
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,  
 Portend disastrous to the vital world,  
 Thy salutary power averts their rage;  
 Averts the general bane: and but for thee  
 Nature would sicken, Nature soon would die.

*Armstrong's Art of preserving Health.*

## H E A T.

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath!  
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
 Beam not so fierce; incessant still you flow,  
 And still another servant flood succeeds,  
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh  
 And restless turn, and look around for night;  
 Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.  
 Thrice happy he! who, on the sunless side  
 Of romantic mountain forest-crown'd,  
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines;  
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine wrought,  
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,  
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without  
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.

*Armstrong.*

## H E A T H.

Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,  
 And, 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise;

That

That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn?  
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.

*Pope's Windsor Forest.*

## H E A V E N.

There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth,  
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,  
Famine nor age have any being there:  
Forget for shame your Tempe, bury in  
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards,  
The golden fruit kept by the watchful dragon,  
Which did require Hercules to get it,  
Compar'd with what grows in all plenty there  
Deserves not to be nam'd. The pow'r I serve  
Laughs at your happy Arabie, or the  
Elysian shades; for he hath made his bow'rs  
Better indeed than you can fancy yours.

*Massinger's and Dekker's Virgin Martyr.*

We to heaven  
Do climb with loads upon our shoulders borne;  
Nor must we tread on roses, but on thorn.

*Shirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.*

What a poor value do men set of heav'n?  
Heav'n, the perfection of all that can  
Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,  
Health, beauty; and all these not subject to  
The waste of time; but in their height eternal;  
Lost for a pension, or poor spot of earth,  
Favour of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure;  
As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,  
Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm.

*Shirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.*

Heav'n is a great way off, and I shall be  
Ten thousand years in travel, yet 'twere happy

If



If I may find a lodging there at last,  
 Though my poor soul get thither upon crutches  
*Shirley's Duke's Mistress.*

Blest heav'n, how are thy ways just like thy orbs,  
 Involv'd within each other? yet still we find  
 Thy judgments are like comets, that do blaze,  
 Affright, but die withall; whilst thy mercies  
 Are like the stars, which, oft-times are obscur'd,  
 But still remain the same behind the clouds.

*Fontaine's Reward of Virtue.*

## H E L L.

There is a place in a black and hollow vault,  
 Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,  
 But flaming horror of consuming fires;  
 A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoky fogs  
 Of an infected darkness; in this place  
 Dwell many thousand thousand fundry sorts  
 Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls  
 Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed  
 With toads and adders; there is burning oil  
 Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer  
 Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;  
 There is the murdurer for ever stabb'd,  
 Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton  
 On racks of burning steel, while in his soul  
 He feels the torment of his raging lust.  
 There stand those wretched things,  
 Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets  
 And secret incests, cursing one another, *Ford.*

Thy lot will be  
 Eternal torments, baths of boiling sulphur,  
 Vicissitude of fires, and then of frosts.

*Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.*

Each dismal minute, when I call to mind  
 The promise that I made the prince of hell,

In

In one-and-twenty years to be his slave,  
 Of which near twelve are gone, my soul runs back,  
 The wards of reason roll into their spring.  
 O horrid thought! but one-and-twenty years,  
 And twelve near past; then to be steep'd in fire,  
 Dash'd against rocks, or snatch'd from molten lead,  
 Reeking, and dropping piece-meal, borne by winds,  
 And quench'd ten thousand fathom in the deep.

*Dryden and Lee's Duke of Guise.*

Where am I now? upon the brink of life;  
 The gulph before me, devils to push me on,  
 And heaven behind me, closing all its doors:  
 A thousand years for ev'ry hour I've past:  
 O could I 'scape so cheap! but ever! ever!  
 Still to begin an endless round of woes!  
 To be renew'd for pains, and last for hell!  
 Yet can pains last, when bodies cannot last?  
 Can earthly substance endless flames endure?  
 Or when one body wears, and flies away,  
 Do souls thrust forth another crust of clay?

*Dryden's and Lee's Duke of Guise.*

O thou hast given me such a glimpse of hell,  
 So push'd me forward, even to the brink  
 Of that irremediable burning gulph,  
 That, looking in the abyss, I dare not leap.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

See hell sets wide its adamantine doors:  
 See thro' the sable gates the black Cocytus  
 In smoky circles rolls its fiery waves:  
 Hear, hear the stunning harmonies of woe,  
 The din of rattling chains, the clash of whips,  
 The groans of loud complaints, of piercing shrieks  
 That wide thro' all its gloomy world resound:  
 How huge Megæra stalks! What streaming fires  
 Blaze from her glaring eyes! What serpents curl  
 In horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head!

Now,

Now, now she drags me to the bar of Minos:  
 See how the awful judges of the dead  
 Look stedfast, hate, and horrible dismay:  
 See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,  
 Rage choaks his struggling words, the fatal urn  
 Drops from his trembling hands.

*Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.*

Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,  
 And felt ten-fold confusion in their fall  
 Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout  
 Incumber'd him with ruin: hell at last  
 Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;  
 Hell their fit habitation; fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
 Nine times the space that measures day and night  
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulph;  
 Confounded, tho' immortal: but his doom  
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mix'd with odurate pride and stedfast hate:  
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views  
 The dismal situation, waste and wild;  
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,  
 As one great furnace, flam'd; yet from these flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible,  
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrows, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,  
 That comes to all; but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discern'd, lie weltering about him:

His



His head uplift above the waves, his eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Briareus, or Typhon, whom the den  
By antient Tarsus held :  
So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,  
Chain'd on the burning lake.  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and  
rowl'd

In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale :  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
That felt unusual weight; 'till on dry land  
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire.

He walk'd

Over the burning marle: the torrid clime  
Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with fire.  
Yet this he so indur'd, 'till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd  
His legions, angel-forms, who lay intranc'd,  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
High over-arch'd imbower.  
They heard and were abash'd, and up they sprung,  
Hov'ring on wing under the cope of hell,  
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires.  
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
As at the Olympian games, or Pythian fields:  
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.  
As when to warn proud cities, war appears  
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush

To

To battle in the clouds : before each van  
 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears,  
 'Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms  
 From either side of heaven the welkin burns.  
 Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell,  
 Rend up both rocks and hills ; and ride the air  
 In whirlwind : hell scarce holds the wild uproar.

Others, more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp,  
 Their own heroick deeds, and hapless fall,  
 By doom of battle ; and complain that fate  
 Free virtue should intral to force or chance.  
 Their song was partial, but the harmony  
 Suspended hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.)  
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of providence, fore-knowledge, will and fate,  
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute ;  
 And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and apathy ; and glory and shame ;  
 Vain wisdom all and false philosophy :  
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm  
 Pain for a while, or anguish ; and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurate breast  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part in squadrons, and gross bands,  
 On bold adventure, to discover wide  
 That dismal world, bend  
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams.  
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate,  
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow black and deep ;  
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud

## 116 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

Heard on the rueful stream : fierce Phlegeton,  
 Whose waves of torrent fire enflame with rage.  
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her watry labyrinth ; whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of antient pile : all else deep snow and ice.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

— Thus roving on

In confus'd march, forlorn the advent'rous bands  
 With shudd'ring horrors pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest ; thro' many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous.  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades  
 of death ;

A universe of death,  
 Where all life dies, death lives ; and nature breeds  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things.  
 Abominable, unutterable, and worse,  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd ;  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

## HERDSMAN.

— Amid his subjects safe,  
 Slumbers the monarch swain, his careless arm  
 Thrown around his head, on downy moss sustain'd :  
 Here laid his scrip with wholesome viands fill'd.  
 There list'ning every noise, his watchful dog :  
 Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight  
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;

That



That startling scatters from the shallow brook  
In search of lavish stream, tossing the foam :  
They scorn the keeper's voice and scour the plain  
Thro' all the bright severity of noon,  
While from their lab'ring breasts a hollow moan  
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

*Thompson's Seasons.*

*Henry V. his Character.*

He is gracious, if he be observ'd :  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day, for melting charity :  
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he is flint :  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congeal'd in the spring of day.  
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.  
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth ;  
But being moody, give him line and scope,  
'Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working.

*Shakesp. Henry IV.*

Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all admiring, with an inward wish,  
You would desire the king were made a prelate.  
Hear him debate in commonwealth affairs,  
You'd say, it hath been all and all his study.  
Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle rendered you in music.  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter.

*Shakespear's Henry V.*

HISTORY.

There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd ;

The

# 118 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

The which observ'd, a man may prophecy  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds  
And weak beginnings lie entreaured.

*Shak. second part of K. Henry IV.*

This is a great fault in a chronologer,  
To turn parasite: an absolute history  
Should be in fear of none, neither should he  
Write any thing more than truth for friendship,  
Or else for hate; but keep himself equal  
And constant in all his discourses.

*Lingua.*

Chronologers, many of them are so fantastic,  
As when they bring a captain to the combat,  
Lifting up his revengeful arm to dispart  
The head of his enemy, they'll hold up  
His arms so long, till they have bestow'd three  
Or four pages in describing the gold  
Hilts of his threatening faulchion; so that,  
In my fancy, the reader may well wonder  
His adversary stabs him not, before  
He strikes.

*Lingua.*

When rust shall eat her brass, when time's strong  
hand  
Shall bruise to dust her marble palaces,  
Triumphal arches, pillars, obelisks;  
When Julius' temple, Claudius' aqueducts,  
Agrippa's paths, and Pompey's theatre;  
Nay Rome itself shall not be found at all,  
Historians, books shall live.

*May's Agrippina.*

## H O N E S T Y.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;  
An honest man's the noble work of God.  
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,  
As justice tears his body from the grave;

*When*

When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,  
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.  
All fame is foreign but of true desert;  
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.  
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs,  
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas.  
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

1. Take note, oh world,  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.  
I thank you for this profit, and from hence,  
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

2. Nay, stay-----thou should'st be honest---

1. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,  
And loses what it works for.

*Shakeſpear's Othello.*

An honest ſoul is like a ſhip at ſea,  
That ſleeps at anchor upon the occaſion's calm;  
But when it rages, and the wind blows high,  
She cuts her way with ſkill and majeſty.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

He ſays he'll keep his honeſty;  
What will he do with it? go beg with it?  
For, in this age, 'tis of no other uſe,  
But, like a beggar's child, to move compaſſion;  
Yet never gains the half it coſt in keeping;  
For all men will ſuſpect it for a baſtard.

*Rowley.*

To be honeſt as the world goes,  
Is to be one pick'd out of ten thouſand.

*Shakeſpear's Hamlet.*

The man who pauses on his honeſty  
Wants little of the villain.

*Martyn's Timoleon.*

Thus



Thus unsuspected honesty betrays  
Itself, and meeting thus the danger  
Kindly prevents the villain's better half.

*Havard's Scanderberg.*

Honesty!

A name scarce echo to a sound---honesty!  
Attend the stately chambers of the great---  
It dwells not there, nor in the trading world:  
Speaks it in councils? No, the sophist knows  
To laugh it thence. *Havard's Scanderberg.*

*Part of a Scene in the first Act of Otway's Venice Preserv'd.*

*Jaff.* I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd  
starving quality,  
Call'd honesty, got footing in the world.

*Pier.* Why, powerful villainy first set it up,  
For its own ease and safety: honest men  
Are the soft easy cushions, on which knaves  
Repose and fatten: were all mankind villains,  
They'd starve each other; lawyers would want  
practice;

Cut-throats rewards: each man would kill his  
brother

Himself; none would be pay'd or hang'd for murder:  
Honesty! 'twas a cheat invented first

To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,  
That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,  
And lord it uncontroul'd above their betters.

*Jaff.* Then honesty is but a notion?

*Pier.* Nothing else,  
Like wit much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:  
He that pretends to most too has least share in't:  
'Tis a ragged virtue. Honesty! no more on't.

*Jaff.* Sure thou art honest?

*Pier.* So indeed men think me.

But

But they are mistaken, Jaffier: I am a rogue  
 As well as they;  
 A fine gay bold-fac'd villain, as thou seest me.  
 'Tis true, I pay my debts when they're contracted;  
 I steal from no man; would not cut a throat  
 To gain admission to a great man's purse,  
 Or a whore's bed; I'd not betray my friend  
 To get his place or fortune; I'd scorn to flatter  
 A blown-up fool above me, or crush the wretch be-  
 neath me:

Yet, Jaffier, for all this I am a villain.

*Jaff.* A villain!

*Pier.* Yes, a most notorious villain;  
 To see the sufferings of my fellow creatures,  
 And own myself a man: to see our senators  
 Cheat the deluded people with a shew  
 Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.  
 They say, by them our hands are free from fetters,  
 Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;  
 Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow;  
 Drive us like wrecks down the rough tide of power,  
 Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction:  
 All that bears this are villains, and I one,  
 Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,  
 And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,  
 That makes us slaves, and tell us 'tis our charter.

*Otway.*

Now, just heav'n forbid,  
 A British man should ever count for gain  
 What villainy must earn, no: are we poor?  
 Be honesty our riches. Are we mean  
 And humbly born? the true heart makes us noble.  
 These hands can toil, can sow the ground and reap  
 For thee and thy sweet babes; our daily labour  
 Is daily wealth, it finds us bread and raiment.  
 Could Danish gold do more?

*Mallet's Alfred.*

## H O N O U R.

By Jove I am not covetous of gold;  
 Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost:  
 It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;  
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires;  
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
 I am the most offending soul alive.

*Shakespeare's King Henry V.*

Though we lay these honours on this man,  
 To ease ourselves of divers stand'rous loads;  
 He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,  
 To groan and sweat under the business;  
 Or led, or driven, as we point the way:  
 And having brought our treasure where we will,  
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
 And graze in commons.

*Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.*

Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity:

O that estates, degrees, and offices,  
 Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour  
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then, should cover, that stand bare?

How many be commanded, that command?

How much low pleasantry would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honour? how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,

To be new vau'd?

*Shak. Merchant of Venice.*

You still insist upon that idol honour;

Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth

That takes off wrinkles? can it draw men's eyes

To gaze upon you in your age? can honour,

That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,

And



And look'd into, bears no reward but danger,  
 Leave you the most respected person living?  
*Valentinian, by Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Love's common unto all the mass of creatures,  
 As life and breath; honour to man alone:  
 Honour being then above life, dishonour must  
 Be worse than death; for fate can strike but one;  
 Reproach doth reach whole families.  
*Cartwright's Siege.*

1. Speak the height of honour.  
 2. No man to offend,  
 Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend;  
 Rather to suffer than to do a wrong:  
 To make the heart no stranger to the tongue:  
 Provok'd, not to betray an enemy;  
 Nor eat his meat, I choak with flattery;  
 Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my fears,  
 Or for my conscience, or my country's wars:  
 To aim at just things; if we have wildly run  
 Into offences, wish them all undone.  
 'Tis poor in grief, for a wrong done, to die;  
 Honour to dare to live, and satisfy.  
*Massinger's Very Woman.*

He was a man  
 That lived up to the standard of his honour,  
 And priz'd that jewel more than mines of wealth:  
 He'd not have done a shameful thing but once;  
 Tho' kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,  
 He could not have forgiven it to himself.  
*Otway's Orphan.*

Let honour come, I'll stand the stalking nothing;  
 And when the bladder'd air would turn the balance,  
 I'll cast in love, substantial pond'rous love,  
 Eternal love, and hurl him to the beam.

*Lee's Princess of Cleves.*

Woman's honour  
Is nice as ermin, will not bear a soil.  
*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Base grovelling souls ne'er know true honour's  
worth,

But weigh it out in mercenary scales :  
The secret pleasure of a generous act  
Is the great mind's great bribe.  
*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,  
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection  
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,  
And imitates her actions where she is not :  
It is not to be sported with. *Addison's Cato.*

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,  
That draws in raw and unexperient'd men  
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.  
*Addison's Cato.*

There is, my lord, an honour the calm child  
Of reason, of humanity and mercy,  
Superior far to this punctilious demon,  
That singly minds itself, and oft embroils  
With proud barbarian niceties the world.  
*Thompson's Tancréd and Sigismunda.*

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch  
At every slender twig of nice distinction.  
These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well:  
But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule  
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,  
Stand at another bar than that of laws.  
*Thompson's Tancréd and Sigismunda.*

Ask the proud peer what's honour ? he displays  
A purchas'd patent or the herald's blaze :  
Or if the royal smile his hopes has blest,  
Points to the glittering glory on his breast ;

Yet if beneath no real virtue reign,  
On the gay coat the star is but a stain;  
For I could whisper in his lordship's ear,  
Worth only beams true radiance on the star.

Hence see the garter'd glory dart its rays,  
And shine round Curio with redoubled blaze.  
Ask ye from whence this flood of lustre's seen,  
Why Curio whispers, votes, and saw Turin.

*Paul Whitehead's Manners.*

Say, what's nobility, ye gilded train!  
Does nature give it, or can guilt sustain?  
Blossoms the form fairer, if the birth be high;  
Or takes the vital stream a richer dye?  
What! tho' a long patrician line ye claim,  
Are noble souls entail'd upon a name?  
Anstis may ermine out the lordly earth,  
Virtue's the herald that proclaims its worth.—  
Vice levels all, however high or low;  
And all the difference but consists in show.  
Who asks an alms, or supplicates a place,  
Alike is beggar, tho' in rags or lace:  
Alike his country's scandal and its curse,  
Who vends a vote, or who purloins a purse:  
Thy gamblers, Bridewell, and St. J\*\*s's bites,  
The rooks of Mordington's, and sharks at White's.  
Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue;  
Yet most mistake the false one for the true:  
Lur'd by the trappings, dazzled by the paint:  
We worship oft the idol for the saint.  
Court'd by all, by few the fair is won,  
Those lose who seek her, and those gain who shun:  
Naked she flies to merit in distress,  
And leaves to courts the garnish of her dress.  
The million'd merchant seeks her in his gold;  
In schools the pedant, and in camps the bold:  
The courtier views her with admiring eyes,  
Flutter in ribbons, or in titles rise;



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By various ways all woo the modest maid ;  
 Yet lose the substance, grasping at the shade.  
 Who, smiling, sees not with what various strife,  
 Man blindly runs the giddy maze of life ?  
 To the same end, still different means employs,  
 This builds a church, a temple that destroys ;  
 Both anxious to obtain a deathless name,  
 Yet erring, both mistake report for fame.  
 Report, tho' vulture-like the name it bear,  
 Drags but the carrion carcass thro' the air ;  
 While fame, Jove's nobler bird, superior flies,  
 And, soaring, mounts the mortal to the skies.

*Paul Whitehead's Honour.*

'True, conscious honour is to feel no sin ;  
 He's arm'd without, that's innocent within.

*Pope's Imitation of Horace.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;  
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

'Tis pride's original, but nature's grave ;  
 Scorn'd by the base, but courted by the brave ;  
 The hero's tyrant, and the cowards slave. }  
 Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air ;  
 And both exists by hope and by despair :  
 Angry, whene'er a moment's ease we gain ;  
 And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.  
 It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies,  
 But, if his safety he consults, it dies.  
 Bigotted to this idol, we disclaim  
 Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.

*Garth's Dispensary.*

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate ;  
 Life every man holds dear, but the brave man  
 Holds honour far more precious dear than life

*Shak. Troilus and Cressida.*

Well

By heav'n, methinks, it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks :  
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear  
Without corrival all her dignities.

*Shakespear's first Part of Henry IV.*

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one ;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done.  
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;  
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*Shakespear's Richard II.*

# H O P E.

Come smiling hope, divine illusion ! come  
In all thy pride of triumph o'er the pangs  
Of misery and pain ! *Smollett's Regicide.*

Hope, tho' 'tis pale sorrow's only cordial,  
Has yet a dull and opiate quality  
Enfeebling what it lulls. *Mason's Elfrida.*

O hope, sweet flatterer, whose delusive touch  
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,  
Relieves the load of poverty, sustains  
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,  
And smooths the pillow of disease and pain,  
Send back th' exploring messenger with joy,  
And let me hail thee from that friendly grove.  
*Glover's Boadicea.*

Hope's a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
*Shak. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Your hopes are like happy blossoms fair,  
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay  
But the maturing. *Ben Johnson's Volpone.*

Hope, with a goodly prospect feeds the eye,  
Shows from a rising ground possession nigh ;

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Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite,  
So easy 'tis to travel with the sight.

*Dryden's Aurengzebe.*

Hope is the fawning traitor of the mind,  
Which, while it cozens with a colour'd friendship,  
Robs us of our last virtue, resolution.

*Lee's Constantine.*

Call up your better reason to your aid,  
And hope the best: that friendly beam is left  
To cheer the wretch, and lighthen thro' his sorrows;  
Nor can he sink so low, but hope will find him:  
The pleasing prospect of a better day  
Shines thro' the gloom of life, and shortens pain.

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

Who has not known ill fortune, never knew  
Himself, or his own virtue. Be of comfort;  
We can but die at last, till that hour comes,  
Let noble anger keep our hopes alive.

*Mallet's Alfred.*

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows wings,  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

*Shakes. K. Richard III.*

Hope is such a bait, it covers any hook.

*Johnson's Volpone.*

Our hopes, I see, resemble much the sun,  
That rising and declining casts large shadows,  
But when his beams are dress'd in's mid-day bright-  
ness

Yields none at all: when they are farthest from  
Success, their guilt reflection does display  
The largest shews of events fair and prosp'rous.

*Chapman's Revenge of Honour.*

When once the main spring, hope, is fall'n into  
Disorder, no wonder if the lesser wheels,  
Desire and joy, stand still: my thoughts like bees,  
When



When they have lost their king, wander  
 Confus'dly up and down, and settle no where.

*Suckling's Aglaura.*

This hope is earth's most estimable prize;  
 This is man's portion, while no more than man:  
 Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;  
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.

Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;  
 Hope, like a cordial, innocent tho' strong,  
 Man's heart at once inspirits, and serenest;  
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;  
 'Tis all our present state can safely bear.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

## H O P S.

Now bloom the florid hops, and in the stream  
 Shine in their floating silver, while above  
 Th' embow'ring branches culminate, and form  
 A walk impervious to the sun; the poles  
 In comely order stand; and, while you cleave  
 With the small skiff the Medway's lucid wave,  
 In comely order still their ranks preserve,  
 And seem to march along th' extensive plain.

*Smart.*

## H O R R O R.

If we could recount  
 Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance  
 Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,  
 The words would add more anguish than the  
 wounds.

*Shakespeare's Henry VI.*

Methinks we stand on ruin; Nature shakes  
 About us; and the universal frame's  
 So loose, that it but wants another push  
 To leap from off its hinges.

No sun to cheer us, but a bloody globe

That rolls above; a bald and beamless fire:  
 His face o'ergrown with scurf; for no sun shines,  
 But a dim winking taper in the skies,  
 That nods, and scarce holds up his drowsy head,  
 To glimmer thro' the damps. Therefore the seasons  
 Lie all confus'd, and by the heaven's neglected,  
 Forget themselves: blind winter meets the summer  
 In his midway; and seeing not his livery,  
 Has driven him headlong back.

*Dryden's Oedipus.*

Sure 'tis the end of all things! fate has torn  
 The lock of time off, and his head is now  
 The ghastly ball of round eternity.  
 Call you these peals of thunder but the yawn  
 Of bellowing clouds? By Jove, they seem to me  
 The world's last groans; and those vast sheets of  
 flame

Are its last blaze; the tapers of the Gods,  
 The sun and moon, run down like waxen globes,  
 And Chaos is at hand!

Did ever night or day shew aught like this?  
 Answer, ye powers divine! Spare all this noise,  
 This rack of heav'n, and speak your fatal pleasures;  
 If that the glow-worm light of human reason  
 Might dare to offer at immortal knowledge,  
 And cope with Gods, why all this storm of Nature?  
 Why do the rocks split, and why rolls the sea?  
 Why these portents in heaven, and plagues on earth?  
 Why these gigantic forms, ethereal monsters?

*Dryden's Oedipus.*

An universal horror

Struck thro' my eyes, and chill'd my very heart:  
 The chearful day was every where shut out  
 With care, and left a more than midnight darkness,  
 Such as might ev'n be felt: a few dim lamps,  
 That feebly lifted up their sickly heads,  
 Look'd faintly thro' the shade, and made it seem

More

More dismal by such light : while those that waited  
In solemn sorrow, mix'd with wild amazement,  
Observ'd a dreadful silence.

*Rowe's Ambitious Step-Mother.*

# H O R S E.

The trembling steed,  
With fiery impulse seiz'd in ev'ry nerve,  
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong;  
Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,  
And by the well-known joy to distant plains  
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ;  
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies ;  
And, neighing, on the ærial summit snuffles  
Th' exciting gale ; then steep descending, cleaves  
The headlong torrent foaming down the hills,  
Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream  
Turns in black eddies round : such is the force  
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Of in this season too, the horse, provok'd,  
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,  
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,  
Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd,  
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,  
And heart estrang'd to fear ; his nervous chest,  
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength,  
Bears down th' opposing stream ; quenchless his  
thirst,

He takes the river at redoubled draughts,  
And with wide nostrils snorting skims the wave.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

# H O U N D S.

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar



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With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for beside the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near,  
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder!  
My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flued, so fanded, and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep long the morning dew,  
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd; like Thessalian  
bulls,

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,  
Each under each: a cry more tunable  
Was never halloo'd too, nor cheer'd with horn.

*Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.*

My hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill echo from the hollow earth.

*Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew.*

When thro' the woods we chas'd the foaming boar,  
With hounds that open'd like Thessalian bulls,  
Like tygers flued, and fanded as the shore,  
With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew;  
Driven with the sport, as ships are toss'd in storms,  
We ran like winds, and matchless was our course;  
Now sweeping o'er the summit of a hill;  
Now with a full career came thund'ring down  
The precipice, and swept along the vale.

*Lee's Theodosius.*

## HUMILITY.

You have worth

Richly enamell'd with modesty;  
And tho' your lofty merit might sit crown'd  
On Caucasus, or the Pyrenean mountains,  
You chuse the humble valley; and had rather  
Grow a safe shrub below, than dare the winds,  
And be a cedar. Sir, you know there is not

Half

Half so much honour in the pilot's place  
As danger in the storm.

*Randolph's Muse's Looking Glass.*

I see, those who are lifted highest on  
The hill of honour, are nearest to the  
Blasts of envious fortune; whilst the low  
And humble valley fortunes are far more secure.  
Humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full  
Of flow'rs, when hills melt with lightning, and  
The rough anger of the clouds.

*Ford's Love's Labyrinth.*

Would I had trod the humble path, and made  
My industry less ambitious; the shrub  
Securely grows, the tallest tree stands most  
In the wind: and thus we distinguish the  
Noble from the base: the noble find their  
Lives and deaths still troublesome;  
But humility doth sleep, whilst the storm  
Grows hoarse with scolding.

*Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

There are some that use  
Humility to serve their pride, and seem  
Humble upon their way, to be prouder  
At their wish'd journey's end. *Denham's Sophy.*

## H U N T I N G.

This I'll promise you, a piece of venison,  
A cup of wine, and so forth, hunter's fare:  
And if you please, we'll strike the stag ourselves,  
Shall fill our dishes with his well-fed flesh.  
If you will consent,  
And go with us, we'll bring you to a forest,  
Where runs a lusty herd; among the which  
There is a stag superior to the rest;  
A stately beast, that when his fellows run,  
He leads the race, and beats the sullen earth,

*As*

As tho' he scorn'd it with his trampling hoofs:  
 Aloft he bears his head, and with his breast  
 Like a huge bulwark, counterchecks the wind;  
 And when he standeth still he stretcheth forth  
 His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant  
 To wound the firmament with forked horns.

*Shakespear's Sir John Old Castle.*

1. I pity these poor beasts,  
 These sylvan commoners, to see what tasks  
 Our cov'tous foresters impose on them,  
 Who not content with impost of their breath,  
 Poor harts, pursue them smiling to their last.

2. 'Twas the end of their creation.

1. So was the end of ours to live in peace,  
 And not to tyrannize on harmless beasts;  
 But foresters, like images, set forth  
 The tyranny of greatness without pity:  
 As they the deer, so covetous wealth pursues  
 The trembling state of their inferiors:  
 And to clasp up the volume of their sins,  
 They drink their blood, and cloth them with their  
 skins:

Then cease to press poor beasts with tyranny,  
 You love your lives; think they are loath to die.

*Day's Isle of Gulls.*

The forest music is to hear the hounds  
 Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry  
 Awake the drowsy eccho, and confound  
 Their perfect language in a mingled voice.

*Day's Isle of Gulls.*

May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,  
 A voice shall make the forest ring about him,  
 Get leave to live among ye? True as steel, boys;  
 That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,  
 And, with my quarter-staff, though the devil bid  
 stand,

*Deal*



Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again :  
Prick ye the fearful hare through cross-ways, sheep-  
walks,

And force the crafty Reynard climb the quick-sets ;  
Rouze the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn  
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn  
him,

Till in his funeral tears, he fall before me ?  
The pole-cat, marten, and the rich-skin'd lucern,  
I know to chase ; the roe the wind out-stripping ;  
Igrim himself, in all his bloody anger  
I can beat from the bay ;  
And with my arm'd staff can turn the boar,  
Spite of his foamy tusshes, and thus strike him,  
Till he fall down my feast.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggar's Bush.*

Yet, if for sylvan sport thy bosom glow,  
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.  
With what delight the rapid course I view !  
How does my eye the circling race pursue !  
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,  
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws ;  
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound  
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground.  
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,  
Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.  
What various sport does rural life afford !  
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board !

*Gay's Miscellanies.*

Soon as Aurora drives away the night,  
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,  
The healthy huntsman, with a chearful horn,  
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn ;  
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,  
They rouse from sleep, and answer sound for sounds ;  
Wide through the furzy field their rout they take,  
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake.

The

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The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,  
 No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;  
 The distant mountains ecchoe from afar,  
 And hanging woods resound the flying war;  
 The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,  
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;  
 The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,  
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed.  
 Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,  
 While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd  
 train.

Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?  
 Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!  
 New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,  
 New circling turns, and now at last she flies;  
 Till spent at last, she pants and heaves for breath,  
 Then lays her down and waits devouring death,  
 Gay.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,  
 Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,  
 When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,  
 And cloaths the fields with golden ears of corn.  
 Gay.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!  
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat  
 Retir'd, the rushy fen, the ragged furze,  
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt,  
 The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom,  
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;  
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
 Conjective; and the nodding sandy bank  
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.  
 Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits  
 Conceal'd with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,  
 By nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;  
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet  
 In act to spring away, the scented dew

Betrays

Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,  
 In scatter'd sudden openings far behind,  
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.  
 But nearer and more frequent, as it loads  
 The flying gale, she springs amaz'd, and all  
 The savage soul of game is up at once:  
 The pack full opening various; the shrill horn  
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,  
 Wild for the chase, and the loud hunters shouts  
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long  
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,  
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed  
 He sprightly puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,  
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.  
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more,  
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.  
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds  
 Blown o'er the keen air'd mountain by the north,  
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,  
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood;  
 If slow, yet sure, abhesive to the track  
 Hot steaming, up behind him come again  
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
 Expel him, circling thro' this every shift.  
 He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees  
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day;  
 Where in kind contest, with his butting friends,  
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
 Oft in the full descending flood he tries  
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides.  
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd  
 With selfish care, avoid a brother's woe.  
 What shall he do? his once so vivid nerve,  
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more

Inspire



Inspire the course, but fainting breathless toil  
 Sick seizes on his heart ; he stands at bay,  
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
 The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
 He groans in anguish, while the grouling pack  
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.  
Thompson.

HUNTING *the Fox.*

Far o'er the rocky hills we range,  
 And dangerous is our course ; but in the brave  
 True courage never fails. In vain the stream  
 In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch  
 Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,  
 Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,  
 And clings to every twig, gives us no pain ;  
 But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold  
 To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,  
 By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft ;  
 So ships in winter seas now sliding sink  
 Adown the steepy wave, then tosd' on high  
 Ride on the billows and defy the storm.  
 What lengths we pass ! where will the wand'ring  
 chace

Lead us, bewilder'd ? smooth as swallows, skim  
 The new-thorn mead, and far more swift we fly.  
 See my brave pack, how to the head they press,  
 Jostling in close array. Then more diffuse,  
 Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths  
 The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes  
 Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing  
 Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang  
 From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind  
 The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain !  
 The panting courser now with trembling nerves  
 Begins to reel ; urg'd by the goring spur,  
 Makes many a faint effort ; he snorts, he foams ;

The

The big round drops run trickling down his sides,  
With sweat and blood distain'd.----

Here, huntsman, from this height  
Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge,  
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round  
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?  
See, there he creeps along, his brush he drags,  
And sweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws  
His tongue unmoistned hangs; symptoms too sure  
Of sudden death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields  
To black despair: but one loose more, and all  
His wiles are vain: hark! thro' yon village how  
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,  
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.  
Thro' ev'ry homestall, and thro' ev'ry yard,  
His midnight walks, panting forlorn he flies:  
Thro' ev'ry hole he sneaks, thro' every jakes  
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes  
In a superior stench to lose his own.  
But faithful to the track the faithful hounds  
With peals of ecchoing vengeance close pursue:  
And now distress'd, no shelt'ring covert near,  
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose wall with gore  
Distain'd, attests his guilt. There, villain, there  
Expect thy fate deserv'd; and soon from thence  
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud  
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood  
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes  
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead;  
And all the assembled villages shout for joy.

*Somerville's Chace.*

### B O A R Hunting.

Now the fierce Arab  
Mounts his neighing steed, and with his troop  
Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts wild,  
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller  
Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on land

Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand,  
 Immerst, and lost. While these intrepid bands,  
 Safe in their horses speed, outfly the storm,  
 And scouring round, make men and beasts their prey,  
 The grisly boar is singled from his herd,  
 As large as that in Erymanthian woods,  
 A match for Hercules. Round him they fly  
 In circle wide, and each in passing sends  
 His feather'd death into his brawny sides.  
 But perilous the attempt; for if the steed  
 Haply too near approach, or the loose earth  
 His footing fail, the watchful angry beast  
 Th' advantage spies, and at one sidelong glance  
 Rips up his groin. Wounded he rears aloft  
 And plunging, from his back the rider hurls  
 Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the ground,  
 And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.  
 Mean while, the surly monster trots along,  
 But with unequal speed: for still they wound,  
 Swift wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood  
 Of darts upon his back he bears: adown  
 His tortured sides the crimson torrents roll  
 From many a gaping font; and now at last  
 Stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.

*Somerville's Chase.*

### HUNTING *the Otter.*

The subtle spoiler of the beaver kind  
 Far off perhaps, where antient alders shade  
 The deep still pool; within some hollow trunk  
 Contrives his wicker couch, whence he surveys  
 His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all  
 The finny shoals his own. Here huntsman bring  
 Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.  
 Hark! the loud peal begins; the clam'rous joy,  
 The gallant chiding loads the trembling air.  
 Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,  
 Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,

*And*



And hear our melody. The harmonious notes  
 Float with the stream; and ev'ry winding creek  
 And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood  
 Nods pendant, still improves from shore to shore  
 Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!  
 What clamour loud! what gay heart-cheering  
 sounds

Urge thro' the breathing brags their mazy way!  
 Not quires of tritons glad with sprightlier strains  
 The dancing billows; when proud Neptune rides  
 In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily  
 They snuff the fishy steem, that to each blade  
 Rank scenting clings! see, how the morning dews  
 They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop  
 Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.  
 Now on firm land they range, then in the flood  
 They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools  
 Rustling, they work their way: no hole escapes  
 Their curious search. With quick sensation now  
 The fuming vapour stings, flutter their hearts;  
 And joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry mouth,  
 In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,  
 That with its hoary head incurv'd, salutes  
 The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort  
 And dread abode; how these impatient climb,  
 While others at the root incessant bay,  
 They put him down: see, there he drives along  
 Th' ascending bubble! mark his gloomy way.  
 Quick, fix the nets and cut off his retreat  
 Into the shelt'ring deeps. Ah, there he vents!  
 The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears  
 Menace destruction: while the troubled surge  
 Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind  
 Affrighted, hide their heads: wild tumult reigns,  
 And loud uproar: ah! there once more he vents;  
 See! that bold hound has seiz'd him; down they  
 Sink together lost; but soon shall he repent  
 His rash assault. See, there escap'd he flies

Half-

Half-drown'd, and clammers up the slipp'ry bank,  
 With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,  
 Whether by nature form'd, or by long use,  
 This artful diver best can bear the want  
 Of vital air: unequal is the fight  
 Beneath the whelming element: yet there he lives  
 Not long, but respiration needs  
 At proper intervals. Again he vents,  
 Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd  
 His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound:  
 Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,  
 Where'er he flies, with him it sinks beneath,  
 With him it mounts, sure guide to ev'ry foe.  
 Inly he groans, nor can his tender wound  
 Bear the cold stream: lo, to yon sedy bank  
 He creeps, unconsoled; his num'rous foes  
 Surround him, hounds, and men; pierc'd thro' and  
 thro',

On pointed spears they lift him high in air;  
 Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain,  
 Bid the loud horns in gayly warbling strains,  
 Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.

*Somerville's Chace.*

## HUSBAND.

The lady Olivia has no folly;  
 She will keep no fool, sir, till she be marry'd;  
 And fools are as like husbands, as pilchers  
 Are to herrings; the husband's the bigger.

*Shakespear's Twelfth Night.*

You are too amorous, too obsequious,  
 And make her too assur'd she may command you.  
 When women doubt most of their husbands loves,  
 They are most loving. Husbands must take heed  
 They give no gluts of kindness to their wives,  
 But use them like their horses; whom they feed  
 Not with a manger full of meat together,

But

But half a peck at once; and keep them so  
 Still with an appetite to that they give them.  
 He that desires to have a loving wife,  
 Must bridle all the shew of that desire:  
 Be kind, not amorous; not betraying kindness,  
 As if love wrought it, but considerate duty.  
 Offer no love-rites, but let wives still seek them;  
 For when they come unsought, they seldom like  
 them.

*Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour.*

1. We hear you are  
 To marry an old citizen. 2. Then surely  
 You were not deaf. 1. And do you mean his age,  
 Which hath seen all the kingdom bury'd thrice;  
 To whom the heat of August is December;  
 Who, were he but in Italy, wou'd save  
 The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air  
 Better than venteducts: shall he freeze between  
 Your melting arms? do but consider, he  
 But marries you as we would do his furs,  
 To keep him warm? 1. But he is rich, sir. 2. Then  
 In wedding him you wed more infirmities  
 Than ever Galen wrote of; he has pains  
 That put the doctors to new experiments:  
 Half his diseases in the city bill  
 Kill hundreds weekly. A lone hospital  
 Were but enough for him. Besides,  
 He has a cough that nightly drowns the bellman;  
 Calls up his family; all his neighbours rise  
 And go by it, as by the chimes and clock.  
 Not four loam walls, nor saw-dust put between,  
 Can dead it. 2. Yet he is still rich. 1. If this  
 Cannot affright you, but that you will needs  
 Be blind to wholesome counsel, and will marry  
 One, who by the course of nature, ought t'have  
 been

Rotten before the queen's time, and in justice

Should



Should now have been some threescore years a ghost,  
Let pity move you.----- *Main's City Match.*

What can be sweeter than our native home?  
Thither for ease and soft repose we come.  
Home is the sacred refuge of our life,  
Secur'd from all approaches but a wife.  
If thence we fly, the cause admits no doubt,  
None but an inmate foe could force us out.  
Clamours our privacies uneasy make,  
Birds leave their nests disturb'd, and beasts their  
haunts forsake. *Dryden's Aurengzebe.*

Are we not one? are we not join'd by heav'n?  
Each interwoven with the other's fate?  
Are we not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,  
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,  
But roll into the sea one common flood?  
*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Force, and the will of our imperious rulers,  
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;  
But minds will still look back to their own choice.  
So the poor captive in a foreign realm,  
Stands on the shore, and sends his wishes back  
To the dear native land from whence he came.  
*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

When souls, that should agree to will the same,  
To have one common object for their wishes,  
Look different ways regardless of each other,  
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues!  
Love shall be banished from the genial bed,  
The nights shall be lonely and unquiet,  
And every day shall be a day of cares.  
*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

—A prudent father  
By nature charg'd to guide and rule her choice,  
Reigns his daughter to a husband's power,  
Who

Who with superior dignity, with reason,  
And manly tenderness, will ever love her;  
Not first a kneeling slave and then a tyrant.  
*Thompson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

# HYPOCRISY.

—Neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, thro' heav'n and earth:  
And oft tho' wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, while goodness thinks no  
ill,  
Where no ill seems. *Milt. Paradise Lost.*

Satan——was the first  
That practis'd falshood under saintly shew,  
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.  
*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose:  
An evil soul producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
O, what goodly outside falshood hath!  
*Shakesp. Merchant of Venice.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum;  
And he long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.  
*Shakesp. King John.*

I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;  
And thus I cloath my naked villainy,

With old ends, stolen forth of holy writ,  
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.  
*Shakesp. Richard III.*

— Foul hypocrisy's so much the mode,  
There is no knowing hearts from words or looks.  
Thieves, bawds, and panders wear the holy leer;  
Ev'n ruffians cant, and undermining knaves  
Display a mimic openness of soul!

*Shirley's Parricide.*

Glorious hypocrisy! What fools are they,  
Who, fraught with lustful or ambitious views  
Wear not thy specious mask.

*Miller's Mahomet.*

O hypocrite, thy boldness strikes at heav'n,  
And makes its fervid saints appear impostors.

*Francis's Eugenia.*

You have learn'd  
The cunning fowler's art, who pleasantly  
Whistles the bird into the snare: good heav'n!  
How had you strew'd th' enticing top o'th' cup  
With Arabian spices; but you had laid i'th' bottom  
Ephesian aconite? you are loves' hypocrite:  
A fair poppy in a field of corn.

*Davenport's City Night Cap.*

Lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.  
Henry, my lord, is cold in great affairs,  
Too full of foolish pity: Gloster's shew  
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers:  
Or, as the snake, roll'd in a flow'ry bank,  
With shining checker'd slough, doth sling a child,  
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

*Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry VI.*

O serpent heart, hid with a flowery face,  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

*Beau-*



Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical !  
 Dove-feather'd raven ! wolfish-rav'ning lamb !  
 Despised substance of divinest shew !  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
 A damned saint, an honourable villain !  
 O nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,  
 When thou didst bow'r the spirit of a fiend  
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?  
 Was ever book containing such vile matter  
 So fairly bound ? O that deceit should dwell  
 In such a gorgeous palace !

*Shakespear's Much ado about Nothing.*

Do not stand on quillets how to slay him :  
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,  
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,  
 So he be dead : for that is good deceit  
 Which mars him first, that first intends deceit.

*Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry VI.*

Seeming devotion does but gild the knave,  
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave ;  
 But, where religion does with virtue join,  
 It makes a hero like an angel shine. *Waller.*

## THE HYPOCRITE.

No man's condition is so base as his ;  
 None more accurs'd than he : for man esteems  
 Him hateful, 'cause he seems not what he is :  
 God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems.  
 What grief is absent, or what mischief can  
 Be added to the hate of God and man !

*Randolph.*

## I.

## IDLENESS.

**I**F you will needs say I am an old man  
 You should give me rest: I would to God my  
 Name were not so terrible to the enemy  
 As it is: I were better to be eaten  
 To death with a rust, than to be scoured  
 To nothing with perpetual motion.

*Shakespear's Second Part of Henry IV.*

-----What is a man,  
 If his chief good, and market of his time  
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast no more.  
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,  
 Looking before and after, gave us not  
 That capability and God-like reason  
 To rust in us unused. *Shakesp. Hamlet.*

See the issue of your sloth:  
 Of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot;  
 Of riot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending;  
 Of spending comes want, of want comes theft;  
 And of theft comes hanging.

*Chap. Johnf. Merst. Eastwood Hoe.*

If we should do nothing,  
 Of that necessary must come ill: i'll  
 Prove it too. Of doing nothing comes idleness,  
 Of idleness comes no goodness; of no  
 Goodness necessary comes ill: therefore  
 If we do no thing, of necessity  
 We must do ill. *Brome's cunning Lovers.*

## JEALOUSY.

*Some Extracts from the fourth Act of Othello.*

*Iago.* Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy!  
 It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth make

The

The meat it feeds upon. That cuckold lives in bliss,  
 Who, certain of his fate, knows not his wronger :  
 But, oh ! what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
 Who doats, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves :  
 Good heavens, the soul of all my tribe defend  
 From jealousy !

*Oth.* Why, why is this ?  
 Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
 To follow still the changes of the moon  
 With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,  
 Is once to be resolv'd—'tis not to make me jealous,  
 To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;  
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous,  
 Nor from my own weak merits will I draw  
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;  
 For she had eyes and chose me. No, Iago,  
 I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;  
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,  
 Away at once with love or jealousy.

*Shakeſpear's Othello.*

If I do prove her haggard,  
 Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind  
 To prey at fortune ; haply for I'm black,  
 And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation  
 That chamberers have ; or, for I'm declin'd  
 Into the vale of years ; yet that's not much.  
 She's gone, I'm abus'd, and my relief  
 Muſt be to loath her. Oh, the curſe of marriage !  
 That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,  
 And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,  
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
 For other's uſe.

*Shakeſp. Othello.*

O let their beds be chaſte ; and baniſh thence  
 As well all jealousy, as all offence !



For some men I have known, whose wives have been  
 As chaste as ice; such as were never seen  
 In wanton dalliance; such as till death,  
 Never smelt any but their husbands breath:  
 Yet the good man, still dreamed of horns, still fearing  
 His forehead would grow harder; still appearing  
 To his own fancy, bull, or stag, or more;  
 Ox at the least, that was an ass before.  
 If she would have new cloaths, he straight will fear  
 She loves a taylor; if she sad appear,  
 He guesses soon it is 'cause he's at home;  
 If jocund, sure she has some friend to come;  
 If she be sick, he thinks no grief she felt,  
 But wishes all physicians had been gelt.  
 But ask her how she does, sets him a swearing;  
 Feeling her pulse, is love-tricks past the bearing:  
 Poor wretched wife! she cannot look awry,  
 But without doubt 'tis flat adultery:  
 And jealous wives there be, that are afraid  
 To entertain a handsome chamber-maid.

*Randolph.*

————— Of all  
 Our passions, I wonder nature made  
 The worst, foul jealousy, her favourite; ———  
 And if it be not so, why took she care  
 That ev'ry thing should give the monster nourish-  
 ment,  
 And left us nothing to destroy it with.

*Suckling's Brennoralt.*

Thou wond'rous yellow fiend!  
 Temper an antidote with antimony,  
 And 'tis infectious: mix jealousy with marriage,  
 It poison's virtue: let the child feel the sting,  
 He'll fly the honey-comb: has she one action  
 That can dispose you to distrust?

*Davenport's City Night-Cap.*

Oh

————— Oh jealousy,  
 Love's eclipse ! thou art in thy disease,  
 A wild mad patient wond'rous hard to please.

*Davenport's City Night-Cap.*

———— All jealousy  
 Must still be strangled in its birth ; or time  
 Will soon conspire to make it strong enough  
 To overcome the truth.

*Sir William Davenant's cruel Brother.*

The greater care the higher passion shews,  
 We hold that dearest, we most fear to lose ;  
 Distrust in lovers is too warm a sun,  
 But yet 'tis night in love when that is gone :  
 And, in those climes which most this scorching  
     know,  
 He makes the noblest fruits and metals grow.

*Dryden's Conquest of Granada.*

A palace that is more uneasy far  
 Than those of cruelty and absence are :  
 There constant show'rs of hail and rain do flow,  
 Continual murmuring winds around do blow ;  
 Eternal thunder rolling in the air,  
 And thick dark hanging clouds the day obscure :  
 Whose sullen dawn all objects multiplies,  
 And renders things that are not to the eyes .  
 Phantoms appear by the dull gloomy light,  
 That with such subtle art delude the sight,  
 That one can see no object true or right. --- }  
 I here transported and impatient grow,  
 And all things out of order which I do ;  
 Hasty and peevish ev'ry thing I say,  
 Suspicion and distrust my passion sway,  
 And bend all nature that uneasy way. *Mrs. Behn.*

Trifles light as air,  
 Are to the jealous, confirmations strong  
 As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
 The Moor already changes with my poisons,  
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;  
 But, with a little act upon the blood,  
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.

*Shakespear's Othello.*

*Part of a Scene in the fourth Act of Othello.*

1. Had it pleas'd heaven  
 To try affliction with me, had it rain'd  
 All kind of sores and flames on my bare head,  
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,  
 Given to captivity me and my hopes;  
 I should have found in some place of my soul  
 A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me  
 A fixed figure for the hand of scorn  
 To point his slow and moving finger at----  
 Yet I could bear that too,----well, very well.  
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
 Where either I must live, or bear no life,  
 The fountain, from the which my current runs,  
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;  
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
 To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion  
 there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubim;  
 Ay, there look grim as hell.

2. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

1. Oh, ay, as summer-flies are in the shambles,  
 That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!  
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
 That the sense akes at thee.-----

Would thou hadst ne'er been born!

2. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

1. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
 Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?

Com-



Committed?-----Oh, thou publick commoner!  
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
 Did I but speak thy deeds. What, what committed?  
 Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;  
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
 And will not hear it. What committed?  
 Impudent strumpet!

*Shakespeare.*

Unnecessary jealousies, make more whores  
 Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Little French Lawyer.*

The devil gives this jealousy to man,  
 As nature doth a tail unto a lion;  
 Which thinks in heat to beat away the flies,  
 When he doth most enrage himself with it.

*Cupid's Whirligig.*

I would not wrong him for all the sea's drown'd  
 Riches: for, if my heat of blood should do it,  
 As he supposeth it doth, ev'n that blood  
 Would like a traitor write my faults with blushing  
 Red upon my cheeks: but because I, as  
 All women and courtiers do, love good cloaths,  
 Which his eyes wear; yet he upbraids me, swearing  
 'Tis to please the multitude; and that I  
 Spread gay rags about me, like a net, to  
 Catch the hearts of strangers: if I go poor,  
 Then he swears I am beastly, with a loath'd  
 Sluttishness: if I be sad, then I grieve  
 He is so near: if merry, and with a  
 Modest wantonising kiss, embrace his  
 Love, then are my twistings more dangerous than  
 A snake's; my lust more insatiate than was  
 Messalina's.

Yet this from jealousy doth always grow,

What most they seek, they loath't of all would  
know.

*Cupid's Whirligig.*

What could'st thou propose  
Less to thyself than in this heat of wrath,  
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike  
This steel into thee with as many stabs,  
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish eyes?

*Ben. Johnson's Volpone.*

If you doubt  
My chastity, why lock me up for ever,  
Make me the heir of darkness, let me live  
Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.

*Dryden's Aurengzebe.*

Small jealousies, 'tis true, inflame desire,  
The great not fan, but quite put out the fire.

*Dryden's Aurengzebe.*

How frail, how cowardly is woman's mind!  
We shriek at thunder, dread the rustling wind;  
And glitt'ring swords the brightest eyes will blind.  
Yet when strong jealousy inflames the soul,  
The weak will roar, and calms to tempests roul.

*Lee's Alexander.*

Ah! why are not the hearts of women known?  
False women to new joys unseen can move,  
There are no prints left in the paths of love:  
All goods besides by public marks are known,  
But that we most desire to keep has none.  
No sign of love in jealous men remains,  
But that which sick men have of life, their pains.

*Dryden's Conquest of Granada.*

O plague me, heav'n, plague me with all the woes  
That man can suffer. Root up my possessions.

Ship-

Shipwreck my far-sought ballast in the haven.  
Fire all my cities! burn my dukedoms down!  
Let midnight wolves howl in my desert chambers!  
May the earth yawn! shatter the frame of nature!  
Let the wreck'd orbs in whirlwinds round me move!  
But save me from the rage of jealous love!

*Lee's Caesar Borgia.*

Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,  
Attended on his throne by all his guard  
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Jealousy is a noble crime;  
'Tis the high pulse of passion in a fever;  
A sickly drought, but shews a burning thirst.

*Dryden's Amphitruon.*

To doubt's an injury; to suspect a friend  
Is breach of friendship: jealousy's a seed  
Sown but in vicious minds; prone to distrust,  
Because apt to deceive. *Lansdown's Heroic Love.*

O jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship!  
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms!  
How does thy rancour poison all our sweetness,  
And turn our gentle nature into bitterness!  
See where she comes! once my eyes dearest  
    blessing!

Now my changed eyes are blasted with her beauty,  
Loath that known face, and sick to behold it.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Accursed jealousy!  
O merciless, wild, and unforgiving fiend!  
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd mischief,  
And murders all it meets. Curs'd be its rage;  
For there is none so deadly. Doubly curs'd  
Be all those easy fools who give it harbour;



Who turn a monster loose among mankind,  
Fiercer than famine, war, or spotted pestilence,  
Baneful as death, and horrible as hell.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,  
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy.  
Let not that devil which undoes your sex,  
That cursed curiosity seduce you,  
To hunt for needless secrets, which neglected,  
Shall never hurt your quiet, but once known,  
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,  
And banish sweet sleep for ever from you.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Of you I am not jealous;  
'Tis my own indelert that gives me fears,  
And tenderness forms dangers where they're not.  
I doubt and envy all things that approach thee:  
Not a fond mother of a long-wish'd for only child,  
Beholds with such kind terrors her infant offspring,  
As I do her I love. She thinks its food, if she's not  
by,  
Unwholesome, and all the ambient air  
Made up of fevers, and of quartan agues,  
Except she shrowds it in her arms;  
Such is my unpitied anxious care for you.

*Steel's Lying Lovers.*

Jealousy! each other passion's calm  
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!  
Thou king of torments! Thou grand counterpoise  
For all the transports beauty can inspire.

*Young's Revenge.*

Jealousy, that yellow fiend, hath dipped the torch  
in gall,  
And now 'twill light no more. *Fenton's Mariamne.*

I, whose

I, whose life  
Was bound with thine, by striving to secure  
Thy beauties all my own, have kill'd the dove  
I fondly grasp'd too close. *Fenton's Mariamne.*

Hence jealousy, thou fatal lying fiend,  
Thou false seducer of our hearts, be gone.  
*Cb. Johnson's Sultaneſs.*

This jealousy's a hydra, 'tis a monster  
Which flourishes the more, the more we maim it.  
*Lewis's Philip of Macedon.*

If once to jealousy the soul's resign'd,  
If prepossession gain th' unwary mind,  
In vain prefers poor innocence her plea;  
'Tis as our passions dictate we decree:  
Justice no more suspends her equal scale,  
And fraud and faction over truth prevail;  
The guiltless falls;—too late we then believe  
Too late prevent, and too severely grieve,  
The fatal error we can ne'er retrieve.  
*Lewis's Philip of Macedon.*

This, this has thrown a serpent to my heart,  
While it o'erflow'd with tenderness, with joy,  
With all the sweetness of exulting love;  
Now nought but gall is there, and burning poison.  
*Thompson's Sophonisba.*

Is a woman's vengeance,  
An injur'd, jealous woman's to be slighted?  
Weak in the field unable to contend  
With warring hosts, we sink, appal'd, unnerv'd;  
But when we feel the pangs of love contemn'd,  
Let the wrong doer stand aghast, and know,  
Not the red fire from Jove's unerring hand  
Strikes surer than a jealous woman's rage  
*Cb. Johnson's Medea.*

Oh my tortured breast!

It burns! ten thousand scorpions sting my bosom!  
All other evils intermit and feel  
Some interval of ease.

----But the forsaken lover's pangs remain  
A lasting and unutterable pain;  
There anger, fear, distraction, horror, rage  
The torn tumultuous soul at once engage,  
Forlorn like me, for ever doom'd to prove  
(Relentless Gods) the pangs of jealous love.

*Ch. Johnson's Medæa.*

Thou jealousy,  
Almighty tyrant of the human mind,  
Who can'st at will unsettle the calm brain,  
O'erturn the scaled heart, and shake the man  
Thro' all his frame with tempest and distraction;  
Rise to my present aid: call up thy powers,  
Thy furious fears, thy blast of dreadful passion,  
Thy whips, snakes, mortal stings, thy host of  
horrors;

Rouse thy whole war against him, and compleat  
My purpos'd vengeance.

*Mallett's Eurydice.*

O jealousy! thou merciless destroyer,  
More cruel than the grave! what ravages  
Does thy wild war make in the noblest bosoms!

*Mallett's Eurydice.*

*Cleora.* The thirst of fame, that noble zeal of  
daring,  
Which still inspires the brave Pellæan youth,  
Our's and the world's great lord, to spread his con-  
quests  
Burns not more strong than jealousy in woman.

*Craterus.* Beware, fair princess, of that pois'nous  
passion,  
Nor seek with prying eyes to know, what known,



If true distracts, if false condemns the search.  
 The fatal plagues of over-curious transports,  
 Of which each day's experience gives sad proof,  
 Betimes should warn thee, from the treacherous  
 paths,  
 Which leads at best to knowledge, best unsound.  
 The man who tells me that my love is false,  
 May mean me well, but robs me of my quiet.

*Frowde's Philotas.*

O jealousy ! thou most unnatural offspring  
 Of a too tender parent ! that in excess  
 Of fondness feeds thee, like the pelican,  
 But with her purest blood ; and in return  
 Thou tear'st the bosom whence thy nurture flows.

*Frowde's Philotas.*

Jealousy, said'st thou ? I disdain it : --- no ---  
 Distrust is poor, and a misplac'd suspicion  
 Invites, and justifies the falsehood fear'd.

*Hill's Zara.*

When jealousy becomes a crime, --- guard heaven  
 The husband's honour whom his wife not loves !

*Hill's Alzira.*

Love has no power to act when curb'd by jealousy.

*Hill's Alzira.*

Let wives beware of foul suspicion's taint ;  
 It is a coward serpent, which immur'd  
 Preys on its breeder in a deathless pain.

*Shirley's Parricide.*

--- See ! how round yon branching elm the ivy  
 Twines its green chain, and poisons what supports :  
 Not less injurious to the blooming shoots  
 Of growing love is sickly jealousy.

*Mason's Elfrida.*

What

What other power can make him  
 Suspect the man he loves? ambition shall be virtue,  
 And treason seem ambition. Then, my lord,  
 All other passions have their hour of thinking,  
 And hear the voice of reason. This alone  
 Breaks at the first suspicion into frenzy,  
 And sweeps the soul in tempests.

*Francis's Constantine.*

Thou, O jealousy,  
 Invok'd, arise from thy profoundest hell,  
 (To no mean scene of horror art thou call'd)  
 Arise and with thee bring thy kindred fiends  
 Revenge and murder. *Francis's Constantine.*

Let jealousy  
 Distil her bane to taint their growing loves!  
 Light up resentment! fan the dang'rous fire.  
 With dark surmise, hints, invented tales,  
 Till it burst all the tender bands asunder  
 That knit their souls! *Virginia.*

*Scene the Eighth, of the Fourth Act of Othello.*

IAGO and OTHELLO.

*Iago.* Look where he comes! not poppy, nor  
 mandragora,  
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,  
 Which thou owedst yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha! false to me:

*Iago.* Why, how now, general, no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast me on the rack,  
 I swear tis better to be much abus'd,  
 Than know, and know but little.

*Iago.* How, my lord?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?  
 I saw it not, thought it not, it harmed not me:  
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
 I found

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.  
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
 Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I'm sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy if the general camp,  
 (Pioneers and all) had tasted her sweet body,  
 So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever,  
 Farewel the tranquil mind: farewel content:  
 Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war  
 That makes ambition virtue: Oh farewel!  
 Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
 The royal banner, and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
 And oh! ye mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 The immortal Jove's loud clamours counterfeit,  
 Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone.

*Iago.* Is't possible, my lord?

*Oth.* Villain, be sure you prove my love a whore,  
 Be sure of it, give me the ocular proof,  
 Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,  
 Thou hadst better been born a dog, a dog, Iago,  
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is't come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see't, or at least so prove it,  
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
 To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life.

*Iago.* My noble lord-----

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her and torture me,  
 Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
 On horror's head horrors accumulate,  
 Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd:  
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
 Greater than that.

*Iago.* Oh grace! oh, heav'n defend me!  
 Are you a man? have you soul, or sense?  
 God be w'you, take mine office. O wretched fool  
 That livest to make thine honesty a vice!



Oh monstrous world ! take note, take note, oh world !

To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence

I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest---

*Iago.* I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,  
And loses what it works for.

*Oth.* By the world

I think my wife is honest, and think she is not ;

I think thou art just, and think thou art not ;

I'll have some proof. The name that was as fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd, and black

As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,

Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,

I'll not endure it. *Shakespear.*

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,

Clamber not you to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street,

To gaze on christian fools with varnish'd faces ;

But stop my house's ears ; I mean my casements.

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My sober house. *Shakesp. Merchant of Venice.*

The venom-clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleep was hindred by thy railing ;

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraid-  
ings ;

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st his sports were hindred by thy brawls.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ?

And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.

*Shakespear's Comedy of Errors.*

Ay ay, Anthipholis look strange and frown,  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurged wouldst  
vow,

That never words were music to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing to thine eye,  
That never touch were welcome to thine hand,  
That never meat sweet savour'd in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.

*Shaksp. Comedy of Errors,*

*Jealousy of the Fairy Queen.*

These are the forgeries of jealousies  
And never since the middle summer's spring  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain, or by rusby brook,  
Or on the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling winds,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport;  
Therefore the winds piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs: which falling in the land,  
Have every pelting river made so proud  
That they have o'erborn their continents.  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn  
Hath rotted e'er its youth attain'd a beard:  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrain flocks:  
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.  
The human mortals want their winter here,

No

No night is now with hymn or carol blest;  
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
 That rheumatic diseases do abound;  
 And through this distemperature we see  
 The seasons alter, hoary-headed frosts  
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;  
 And on old Hyem's chin and ivy crown,  
 An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
 Is, as in mock'ry set; the spring, the summer,  
 The chiding autumn, angry winter change  
 Their wonted liv'ries, and the mazed world  
 By their increase knows not which is which.

*Shakespear's Night Dreams.*

Is whisp'ring nothing?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
 Of breaking honesty;) horsing foot on foot?  
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
 Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes  
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,  
 That would, unseen, be wicked? is this nothing?  
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't is nothing;  
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these no-  
 things

If this be nothing. *Shakespear's Winter Tale.*

## J E S T E R.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;  
 And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:  
 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
 The quality of the persons, and the time:  
 And like the haggard, check at every feather  
 That comes before his eye. This is a practice  
 As full of labour as a wife man's art.

*Shakespear's Twelfth Night.*

I M A-



IMAGINATION.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends,  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact:  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,  
The madman; while the lover, all as frantick,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to  
heav'n;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

*Shakesp Mid. Night's Dream.*

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,  
Wherein m'imagination's run like sands,  
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:  
So that I know not what to stay upon,  
And less to put in act.

*B. Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.*

The little Ethiop infant had not been  
Black in his cradle, had he not been first  
Black in his mother's strong imagination.  
'Tis thought: the hairy child that's shewn about,  
Came by the mother's thinking on the picture  
Of St. John Baptist in his camel's coat.  
See we not beasts conceive, as they do fancy  
The present colours plac'd before their eyes?  
We owe py'd colts unto the vary'd horse cloth;  
And the white partridge to the neighb'ring snow.  
Fancy can save or kill; it hath clos'd up

Wounds

Wounds when the balsam could not, and without  
The aid of salves: to think hath been a cure.

*Cartwright's Ordinary.*

## IMMORTALITY.

If ev'ry rule of equity demands  
That vice and virtue from th' almighty's hands  
Should due rewards and punishments receive,  
And this by no means happens whilst we live,  
It follows that a time will surely come,  
When each shall meet their well adjusted doom;  
Then shall this scene, which now to human sight  
Seems so unworthy wisdom infinite,  
A system of consummate skill appear,  
And ev'ry cloud dispers'd be beautiful and clear.

*Poems by Saome Jennyns.*

The deity, who saw  
How each fine thread in the fair web of life  
Was wrought in nature's loom, ere yet the heart  
Began to beat, or breathing lungs imbib'd  
The expansive air; that deity, by whom  
I think and act, knows when the springs of life  
Should cease to play: and duty bids me pay  
The debt of nature when he makes the claim.

—— He means

This frame should fall, while yet my thinking  
powers  
Are strong and clear, and the soul fit to mix  
With spirits void of guilt, that never feel  
The violence of force, but free as light  
Spontaneous move, obsequious to the laws  
That rule their being.

*Bushe's Poem on Socrates.*

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,  
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,  
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.

That

That only, and that amply this performs,  
 Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;  
 Their terror those; and these their lustre lose;  
 Eternity depending covers all;  
 Eternity depending all atchieves;  
 Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;  
 Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers;  
 The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,  
 Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,  
 Make one promiscuous and neglected heap;  
 The man beneath, if I may call him man,  
 Whom immortality's full force inspires.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

### IMPATIENCE.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
 To Phæbus's mansion! such a waggoner  
 As Phaeton wou'd whip you to the west,  
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
 That the run-away's eyes may wink, and Romeo  
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen:  
 Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites  
 By their own beauties: or if love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night.

*Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.*

Oh, for a horse with wings! hear'st thou, Pisanio?  
 He's at Milford-Haven: read and tell me  
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
 May plod it in a week, why may not I  
 Glide thither in a day? then true Pisanio,  
 Who long'st like me to see thy lord, who long'st---  
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st  
 But in a fainter kind---oh, not like me;  
 For mine is beyond, beyond---say and speak thick:  
 Love's counsellor should fill the ears of hearing

To



To the smothering of the sense---how far is it  
To this same bless'd Milford? and by th' way,  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
T' inherit such a haven; but first of all,  
How may we steal from hence: and for the gap  
That we shall make in time, 'from our hencegoing,  
And our return to excuse;---but first how get hence?  
Why should excuse be born, or ere begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter, prithee speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
T'wixt hour and hour?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam's enough for you; and too much too.

*Imo.* Why one that rode to's execution, man,  
Could never go so slow. I've heard of riding wags  
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i'th' clocks behalf; but this is foolery.  
Go, bid my women feign a sickness, say  
She'll home to her father, and provide me, present,  
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.

### IMPRISONMENT.

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness;  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure!  
Ay, such a pleasure, as incaged birds  
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,  
At last by notes of household harmony,  
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

*Shakespear's Third Part of King Henry VI.*

Why should we murmur to be circumscrib'd,  
As if it were a new thing to wear setters?  
When the whole world was meant but to con-  
fine us;

Wherein

Wherein, who walks from one clime to another,  
 Hath but a greater freedom of the prison :  
 Our soul was the first captive, born to inherit  
 But her own chains ; nor can it be discharg'd,  
 Till nature tire with its own weight, and then  
 We are but more undone, to be at liberty.

*Shirley's Court Secret.*

-----Captivity,

That comes with honour, is true liberty.

*Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.*

-----How like

A prison's to a grave ! when dead, we are  
 With solemn pomp brought thither ; and our  
 heirs,

Masking their joy in false dissembled tears,  
 Weep o'er the hearse : but earth no sooner covers  
 The earth brought thither, but they turn away  
 With inward smiles, the dead no more remem-  
 ber'd :

So enter'd into a prison.

*Massinger's Maid of Honour.*

A prison is in all things like a grave,  
 Where we no better privileges have  
 Than dead men ; nor so good. The soul once fled  
 Lives freer now, than when she was cloist'ed  
 In walls of flesh ; and though the organs want  
 'To act her swift designs, yet all will grant  
 Her faculties more clear, now separate,  
 Than if the same conjunction, which of late  
 Did marry her to earth, had stood in force ;  
 Uncapable of death or of divorce :  
 But an imprison'd mind, though living, dies,  
 And at one time, feels two captivities :  
 A narrow dungeon which her body holds,  
 But narrower body which herself enfolds.

*Bishop King.*

## IMPRECATION.

That I could reach the axle, where the pins are  
Which bolt this frame; that I might pull 'em out,  
And pluck all into Chaos with myself!  
Who would not fall with all the world about him?

*Ben Johnson's Cataline.*

Oh hear me, heaven! I'll speak it tho' I burst,  
And tho' the air had ears, and serv'd the tyrant,  
Out it should go; O hear me, thou great justice,  
The miseries that wait upon his mischiefs,  
Let them be numberless, let no eye pity him,  
E'en when his soul is loaded, and in labour,  
And wounded thro' and thro' with guilt and horror,  
Then when his monstrous sins like earthquakes  
shake him.

And those eyes that had forgot heav'n wou'd look  
upwards;

The bloody alarms of conscience still, still beating;  
Let mercy fly, and day struck into darkness,  
Leave his blind soul to hunt out her own horror.

*Beaumont's Double Marriage.*

Loosen'd nature

Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heav'n,  
And fall the skies to crush the nether world.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Oh! that as oft I have at Athens seen  
The stage arise, and the big clouds descend;  
So now in every deed I might behold  
The pond'rous earth, and all yon marble roof,  
Meet like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind:  
For all the elements, and all the powers  
Celestial, nay, terrestrial, and infernal,  
Conspire the rack of out-cast Oedipus.  
Fall darkness then, and everlasting night;  
Shadow the globe! may the sun never dawn;

The



The silver moon be blotted from her orb!  
 And for a universal rout of nature,  
 Thro' all the inmost chambers of the sky,  
 May there not be a glimpse, one starry spark!  
 But Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the dark!  
 That jars may rise, and wrath divine be hurl'd,  
 Which may to atoms shake the solid world.

*Dryden and Lee's Oedipus.*

Confusion and disorder seize the world,  
 To spoil all trust and converse among men;  
 'Twixt families engender endless feuds,  
 In countries needless fears, in cities factions,  
 In states rebellion, and in churches schisms;  
 'Till all things move against the course of nature;  
 'Till forms dissolv'd, the chain of causes broken,  
 And the original of being lost.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Final destruction seize on all the world:  
 Bend down, ye heav'ns! and shutting round this  
 earth,  
 Crush the vile globe into its first confusion;  
 Scorch it with elemental flames to one crust cinder,  
 And all us little creepers in't, call'd men,  
 Burn, burn to nothing! But let Venice burn  
 Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle hell,  
 Ne'er to extinguish; and let souls hereafter  
 Groan here in all those pains which mine feels now.

*Otway's Venice Preserv'd.*

All curses on me,  
 The whips of conscience, and the stings of pleasure,  
 Sores and distempers, disappointments, plague me.  
 May all my life be one continued torment;  
 And that more racking than a woman's labour.

*Lee's Princess of Cleves.*

Rain, rain, ye stars, spout from your burning  
orbs,

Precipitated fires, and pour in sheets  
The blazing torrent on the tyrant's head,  
Scorch and consume this curs'd perfidious king.

*Congreve's Mourning Bride.*

Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head,  
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns,  
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!  
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Let me be branded for the public scorn,  
Turn'd forth, and driven to wander like a beggar;  
Be friendless and forsaken; seek my bread  
Upon the barren, wild, and desolate waste;  
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Blast, blast her charms, some bloom-destroying  
air!

And turn his love to loathing; but let her's  
Know no decrease, that disappointment,  
Lovers worst hell, may meet her warmest wishes,  
And make her curse the hour in which she wedded.

*El. Haywood's Frederick D. of Brunswick, &c.*

O thou almighty! awful, and supreme!  
Redress, revenge an injur'd nation's wrongs:  
Show'r down your curses on the tyrant's head!  
Arise the judge, display your vengeance on him,  
Blast all his black designs, and let him feel  
The anxious pains with which his country groans.

*Martyn's Timoleon.*

Curst be the prostitute, accurs'd her charms!  
Let livid lightning blast them from above!  
Distort her features, harrow up each grace,

And

And make her body odious as her soul.  
Then for the traitor!--Oh great Juno, hear me,  
Goddess presiding o'er the nuptial bed,  
Thou too hast known the pangs of injur'd love,  
Its cruel tortures, agonizing pains :  
Send down some choice, some mighty plague upon  
him !

O give him jealousy ! between their hearts  
Sow fell dissention and suspected love ;  
Then let him feel the torments that he gives.

*Frowde's Philotas.*

Ye righteous Gods, if perfidy you hate,  
Send down your swiftest vengeance on his head,  
On hers, on mine, crush'd in one common ruin.

*Frowde's Philotas.*

Together may they find their just reward !  
On this side hell, contempt and hell attend them !  
And when some sudden unexpected death  
Shall seize them, meditating future wrongs,  
And plunge them headlong to those dreary plains,  
'There where their brother miscreants howl in  
anguish ;

The shades of virtuous heroes, as they pass,  
Shall gaze aloof with horror of their baseness.

*Frowde's Philotas.*

If, ye powers divine !  
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,  
And bring them to account, crush, crush those  
vipers

Who, singled out by a community,  
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of air,  
Or paltry office, sell 'em to the foe.

*Mallet's Mahomet.*

Perdition whelm  
The prostrate sycophant!--May heav'n exhaust



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Its thunder on my head---may hell disgorge  
Infernal plagues to blast me, if I cease  
To persecute the caitiff. *Smollett's Regicide.*

If I pollute me with this horrid union,  
Black as adultery or damned incest,  
May ye, the ministers of heav'n, depart;  
Nor shed your influence on the guilty scene!  
May horror blacken all your days and nights!  
May discord light the nuptial torch! and rising  
From hell, may swarming fiends in triumph howl  
Around th' accursed bed. *Barbarossa.*

IMPUDENCE.

For those who heretofore sought private holes,  
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,  
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal  
And sink away in masquerade to hell,  
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,  
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon;  
As eagles try their young against his rays,  
To prove if they're of gen'rous breed or base;  
Call heav'n and earth to witness, how they've aim'd,  
With all their utmost vigor to be damn'd.  
*Butler's Genuine Remains.*

INCEST.

She is beauteous, yet, mighty love,  
I never offer'd to obey thy laws:  
But an unusual chilness came upon me,  
An unknown hand still check'd my forward joy;  
Dash'd me with blushes, tho' no light was near,  
That ev'n the act became a violation.  
*Dryden and Lee's Oedipus.*

Murder and incest! but to hear 'em nam'd,  
My soul starts in me, the good centinel

Stands

Stands to her weapons, takes the first alarm,  
To guard me from such crimes.

*Dryden and Lee's Oedipus.*

By heav'n I'd rather  
Embrue my hands, up to my very shoulders,  
In the entrails of the best of fathers,  
Than offer at the execrable act  
Of damned incest. *Dryden and Lee's Oedipus.*

Now the baleful offsprings brought to light !  
In horrid form they rank themselves before me :  
What shall I call this medley of creation ?  
Here one, with all the obedience of a son,  
Borrowing Jocasta's looks, kneels at my feet,  
And calls me father ; there a sturdy boy,  
Resembling Laius, just as when I killed him,  
Bears up, and with his cold hand grasping mine,  
Cries out, how fares my brother Oedipus ?  
What ! sons and brothers ! sisters and daughters too.  
Fly, all be gone ! fly from my whirling brain :  
Hence, incest, murder ; hence, ye ghastly figures !  
O Gods ! Gods ! answer. Is there any mean ?  
Let me go mad, or die.

*Dryden and Lee's Oedipus.*

Incest ! O name it not !  
The very mention shakes my inmost soul :  
The Gods are startled in their peaceful mansions,  
And nature sickens at the shocking sound.  
Thou brutal wretch, thou execrable monster !  
To break thro' all the laws, that early flow  
From untaught reason, and distinguish man :  
Mix, like the senseless herd, with bestial lust :  
Mother and son, preposterously wicked :  
To banish from thy soul the reverence due  
To honour, nature, and the genial bed.

*Smith's Phedra and Hippolytus.*

## INCONSTANCY.

-----Were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error  
Fills him with faults.

*Shakespear's two Gentlemen of Verona.*

O fair Cynthia, why do others term thee  
Inconstant, whom I've ever found immoveable?  
Injurious time; corrupt manners; unkind  
Men! who finding a constancy not to  
Be match'd in my sweet mistress, have christen'd  
Her with the name of wav'ring, waxing, and  
waning.

Is she inconstant that keeps a settled  
Course, which since her first creation alters  
Not one minute in her moving? there is  
Nothing thought more admirable, or commendable  
In the sea, than the ebbing and flowing;  
And shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh  
This virtue, be accounted fickle for  
Increasing and decreasing? flowers in  
Their buds, are nothing worth till they be blown!  
Nor blossoms accounted till they be ripe  
Fruit: and shall we say then they be changeable,  
For that they grow from seeds to leaves, from  
leaves

To buds, from buds to their perfections?  
Then, why be not twigs that become trees;  
Children that become men, and mornings that  
Grow to evenings, term'd wav'ring, for that they  
Continue not at one stay? Ay, but Cynthia,  
Being in her fulness, decayeth, as  
Not delighting in her greatest beauty;  
Or with'ring when she should be most honour'd.  
When malice cannot object any thing,  
Folly will; making that a vice, which is  
The greatest virtue. What thing, my mistress

Ex-



Excepted, being in the pride of her  
Beauty, and latter minute of her age,  
That waxeth young again? *Lilly's Endymion.*

Let us examine all the creatures, read  
The book of nature thro' and we shall find  
Nothing doth still the same; the stars do wander,  
And have their divers influence; the elements  
Shuffle into innumerable changes;  
Our constitutions vary; herbs and trees  
Admit their frosts, and summer: and why then  
Should our desires, that are so nimble, and  
More subtile than the spirits in our blood,  
Be such staid things within us, and not share  
Their nat'ral liberty? shall we admit a change  
In smaller things, and not allow it in  
What most of all concerns us?

*Shirley's Traitor.*

---Clocks will go as they're set; but man,  
Irregular man's never constant; never certain.

*Otway's Venice Preserv'd.*

Inconstancy's the plague that first or last  
Paints the whole sex, the catching court disease.  
Man therefore was a lord-like creature made;  
Rough as the winds and as inconstant too:  
A lofty aspect given him for command;  
Easily soften'd, when we would betray:  
Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade,  
Where you are pleas'd to ravage for a while:  
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave  
The ravag'd province ruinate and bare.

*Otway's Orphan.*

## INDIAN.

Lo the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,

His soul proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk or milky way ;  
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n  
 Behind the cloud-topt hill an humbler heav'n :  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,  
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste ;  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold.  
 To be content's his natural desire :  
 He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire ;  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

## I N D I E S.

But come, my muse, the desert barrier burst,  
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky ;  
 And swifter than the toiling caravan,  
 Shoot o'er the vale of Senar ; ardent climb  
 The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds  
 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.  
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask  
 Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth ;  
 No holy fury, thou blaspheming heaven,  
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,  
 And thro' the land, yet red with civil wounds,  
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.  
 Thou like the harmless bee may'st freely range,  
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flow'rs ;  
 From jes'mine grove to grove may'st wander gay ;  
 Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,  
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,  
 And up the more than Alpine mountains roam :  
 There on the craggy summit, spreading far  
 For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks  
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,  
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;  
 Where palaces, and fanes and villa's rise,

And garden's smile around, and cultur'd fields,  
 And fountains gush, and careless herds and flocks  
 Securely stray; a world within itself,  
 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw  
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,  
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves  
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear  
 The roaring floods and cataracts, that sweep  
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;  
 And o'er the varied landskip, restless rove,  
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind:  
 A land of wonders which the sun still eyes  
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

*Thompson.*

Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves,  
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
 With the deep orange glowing thro' the green,  
 Their lighter glories blend: lay me reclined  
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,  
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.  
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds.  
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,  
 Embowring endless of the Indian fig;  
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,  
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
 Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,  
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,  
 And from the palm to draw its freshning wine,  
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice  
 Which Bacchus pours; nor on its slender twigs,  
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;  
 Nor creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race  
 Of berries; oft in humble station dwells  
 Unartful worth, above fastidious pomp.  
 Witness, thou best anana, thou the pride



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Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
 The poets imag'd in the golden age :  
 Quick let me strip thee of the tusty coat,  
 Spread the ambrosial stores and feast with Jove.  
 From these the prospect varies, plains immense  
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads  
 And vast savannahs, where the wand'ring eye,  
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another Flora there, of bolder hues,  
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,  
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand,  
 Exuberant spring : for oft these vallies shift  
 Their green imbroider'd robe to fiery brown,  
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,  
 Or streaming dewes and torrent rains prevail  
 Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,  
 From little scenes of art, great nature dwells  
 In awful solitude.

*Thompson's Seasons.*

INDUSTRY.

----Here you look about  
 One at another, doubting what to do ;  
 With faces, as you trusted to the Gods,  
 That still sav'd you ; and they can do't : but  
 They are not wishings, or base womanish prayers,  
 Can draw their aids ; but vigilance, council,  
 action :

Which they will be ashamed to forsake.

'Tis sloth they hate, and cowardice.

*B. Johnson's Cataline.*

The chieftest action for a man of spirit,  
 Is never to be out of action ; we should think  
 The soul was never put into the body,  
 Which has so many rare and curious pieces,  
 Of mathematical motion, to stand still.  
 Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds,  
 In the trenches for the soldier ; in the wakeful study  
 For

For the scholar ; in the furrows of the sea  
For men of that profession ; of all which  
Arise and spring up honour.

*Webster's Law-Case.*

# I N F A M Y.

Shame sticks ever close to the ribs of honour,  
Great men are never sound after it :  
It leaves some ach or other in their names still  
Which their posterity feels at ev'ry weather.

*Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.*

# I N F I D E L.

Is it in words to paint you ? O ye fall'n !  
Fall'n from the wings of reason, and of hope !  
Erect in stature, prone in appetite !  
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain !  
Lovers of argument, averse to sense !  
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains !  
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame !  
More senseless than th' irrationals you scorn ;  
More base than those you rule ! than those you  
pity

Far more undone ! O ye most infamous  
Of beings from superior dignity !  
Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss ;  
Ye curs'd by blessings infinite ! because  
Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost !  
Ye motly mass of contradiction strong !  
And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off  
In exhalation soft, and die in air.  
From the full flood of evidence against you ?  
In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of sense  
Your souls have quite worn out the make of  
heaven,

By vice new-cast and creatures of your own ;

But,

But, tho' you can deform, you can't destroy;  
To curse, not uncreate, is all your power.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

### INFIDELITY.

Who should be trusted now, when the right hand  
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,  
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
The private wound is deepest.

*Shakespear's two Gentleman of Verona.*

### INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a child  
Than the sea monster.

*Part of a Scene in Timon of Athens.*

*Flav.* I've been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most general way.)  
To them to use your signet and your name:  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true! can't be?

*Flav.* They answer in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry---you are honourable----

But they could have wished---they know not---  
Something hath been amiss---a noble nature  
May catch a wrench---would all were well, 'tis  
pity---

And so intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions;  
With certain half caps, and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.*



*Tim.* You Gods reward them !

I prithee man look cheerly ; these old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;  
And nature, again, as it grows toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

*Shakespear.*

Why, this is the world's soul ;  
Of the same piece, is ev'ry flatterer's spirit :  
Who can call him his friend  
That dips in the same dish ? for in my knowing,  
Timon has been to this lord as a father,  
And kept his credit with his bounteous purse :  
Supported his estate ; nay Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks  
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip :  
And yet, oh, see the monstrousness of man,  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape :  
He does deny him (in respect of his)  
What the charitable afford to beggars.  
Religion groans at it.

*Shakespear's Timon of Athens.*

She has ty'd

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness like a vulture here,  
Look'd black upon me, struck me with her tongue,  
Most serpent-like upon the very heart.

*Shakespear's King Lear.*

Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain,  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters ;  
I tax you, not you elements, with unkindness.  
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children,  
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave,  
A poor infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.  
But yet I call you servile ministers,

That

That will with two pernicious daughters join  
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this.

*Shakespear's King Lear.*

Both false and faithless!

Draw near, ye well-join'd wickedness, ye serpents,  
Whom I have in my kindly bosom warm'd,  
'Till I am stung to death. *Dryden's All for Love.*

My whole life

Has been a golden dream of love and friendship,  
But now I wake, I'm like a merchant rous'd  
From soft repose to see his vessel sinking,  
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful woman,  
Who follow'd me but as the swallow summer,  
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,  
Singing her flatteries to my morning-wake;  
But now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,  
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

He has profan'd the sacred name of friend,  
And worn it into vileness:  
With how secure a brow, and specious form,  
He gilds the secret villain! sure that face  
Was meant for honesty, but heav'n mismatch'd it;  
And furnish'd treason out with nature's pomp,  
To make its work more easy.  
See how he sets his countenance for deceit,  
And promises a lie before he speaks.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

But there's a fate in kindness,  
Still to be least return'd where most 'tis given.

*Dryden's Secret Love.*

Is not the bread thou eat'st, the robe thou wear'st,  
Thy wealth, and honours, all the pure indulgence  
Of him thou would'st destroy?

And

And would his creature, nay, his friend betray him?  
 Why then no bond is left on human kind:  
 Distrusts, debates, immortal strifes ensue;  
 Children may murder parents, wives their husbands;  
 All must be wars, rapine and desolation,  
 When trust and gratitude no longer bind.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

So often try'd, and ever found so true,  
 Has given me trust, and trust has given me means  
 Once to be false for all. *Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

He trusts us both! mark that! shall we betray him?  
 A master, who reposes life and empire  
 On our fidelity? I grant he is a tyrant:  
 That hated name my nature most abhors;  
 More, as you say, has loaded me with shame,  
 Ev'n with the last contempt to serve Sebastian:  
 Yet more, I know he vacates my revenge,  
 Which but by this revolt, I cannot compass.  
 But while he trusts me, 'twere so base a part,  
 To fawn, and yet betray, I should be his'd  
 And whoop'd in hell for that ingratitude.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

To break thy faith,  
 And turn a rebel to so good a master,  
 Is an ingratitude unmatch'd on earth:  
 The first revolting angel's pride could only  
 Do more than thou hast done: thou copiest well,  
 And keep'st the black original in view.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Base ingratitude  
 Is such a sin to friendship, as heav'n's mercy,  
 That strives with man's monstrous wickedness,  
 Unwearied with forgiving scarce once pardons.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*



It was not always thus : the time has been,  
 When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,  
 Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its hinges,  
 To give me entrance here : when this good house  
 Has pour'd forth all its dwellers to receive me ;  
 When my approach has made a little holiday ;  
 And ev'ry face was dress'd in smiles to meet me :  
 But now 'tis otherwise, and those who blest'd me,  
 Now curse me to my face      *Rowe's Jane Shore.*

There was a time, when my Alicia  
 Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing,  
 And mourn'd that live-long day she pass'd with-  
 out me.

When pair'd, like turtles, we were still together ;  
 When often as we prattled arm in arm,  
 Inclining fondly to me, she has sworn,  
 She loved me more than all the world beside.  
                                  *Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Where are thy friends,  
 The dear companions of thy joyful days ?  
 Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made glad ;  
 Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy round  
 thee,

And bind thee to their bosoms : thus with thee,  
 Thus let us live, and let us die, they said ;  
 For sure thou art the sister of our loves,  
 And nothing shall divide us---now where are they ?  
 Ah ! where indeed ? they stand aloof,  
 And view my desolation from afar !  
 When they pass by, they shake their heads in scorn !  
                                  *Rowe's Jane Shore.*

He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one,  
 All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.  
                                  *Young's Busiris.*

Filial

Filial ingratitude,

Is it not as this mouth should tear his hand,  
For lifting food to't? *Shakeſpear's King Lear.*

---Where ingratitude, that ſin of upſtarts,  
And vice of cowards, once takes root, a thouſand  
Baſe, grov'ling crimes, cling round its monſtrous  
growth,  
Like ivy to old oaks, to hide its rottenneſs.

*Themiftoeles.*

All ſhould unite to puniſh the ungrateful.

Ingratitude is treaſon to mankind.

*Thompson's Coriolanus.*

## INJURY.

They that do pull down churches; and deſace  
The holieſt altars, cannot hurt the Godhead.  
A calm wiſe man may ſhew as much true valour,  
Amidſt theſe popular provocations,  
As can an able captain ſhew ſecurity,  
By his brave conduct, thro' an enemy's country.  
A wiſe man never goes the people's way;  
But as the planets ſtill move contrary  
To the world's motion; ſo doth he to opinion:  
He will examine if thoſe accidents  
Which common fame calls injuries, happen to him  
Deſervedly, or no? come they deſervedly?  
They are no wrongs then; but his puniſhments:  
If undeſervedly, and he not guilty?  
The doer of them, firſt ſhould bluſh, not he.

*Ben Jonſon's New Inn.*

If light wrongs touch me not,  
No more ſhall great; if not a few, not many:  
There's nought ſo ſacred with us, but may find  
A ſacrilegious perſon; yet the thing is  
No leſs divine, 'cauſe the prophane can reach it.

*Jonſon's New Inn.*

The

The purpose of an injury; 'tis to vex  
 And trouble me: now nothing can do that  
 To him that's truly valiant. He that is affected  
 With the least injury, is less than it.  
 It is but reasonable to conclude  
 That should be stronger still, which hurts, than  
 that

Which is hurt: now, no wickedness is stronger  
 Than what opposeth it; not fortune's self,  
 When she encounters virtue, but comes off  
 Both lame and less. Why should a wise man then  
 Confess himself the weaker, by the feeling  
 Of a fool's wrong? There may an injury  
 Be meant me; I may chuse, if I will take it:  
 But we are now come to that delicacy  
 And tenderness of sense, we think an insolence  
 Worse than an injury; bare words worse than deeds:  
 We are not so much troubled with the wrong,  
 As with the opinion of the wrong: like children,  
 We are made afraid of vizards. Such poor sounds  
 As is the lie, or common words of spite,  
 Wise laws thought never worthy a revenge;  
 And 'tis the narrowness of human nature,  
 Our poverty, and beggary of spirit,  
 To take exception at these things. He laugh'd  
 at me!

He broke a jest! a third took place of me!  
 How most ridiculous quarrels are all these?  
 The main part  
 Of the wrong, is our vice of taking it!

*B. Johnson's New Inn.*

### INJUSTICE.

The man who wears injustice by his side,  
 Tho' pow'rful millions follow'd him to war;  
 Combats against the odds---against high heav'n.

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

He



He that acts unjustly  
Is the worst rebel to himself, and tho' now  
Ambition's trumpet and the drum of pow'r  
May drown the sound, yet conscience will one day  
Speak loudly to him. *Havard's King Charles I.*

# INNOCENCE.

O that I had my innocence again !  
My untouch'd honour ! but I wish in vain.  
The fleece that has been by the dyer stain'd,  
Never again its native whiteness gain'd. *Waller.*

Happy the innocent, whose equal thoughts  
Are free from anguish, as they are from faults.  
*Waller.*

-----Innocence

Conceal'd is the stol'n pleasure of the Gods;  
Which never ends in shame, as that of men  
Doth oft-times do : but like the sun breaks forth,  
When it hath gratified another world,  
And to our unexpected eyes appears  
More glorious through its late obscurity.  
*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

O innocence the sacred amulet  
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,  
Of all misfortunes, injury, and death !  
That makes a man in tune still in himself :  
Free from the hell to be his own accuser,  
Ever in quiet, endless joys enjoying ;  
No strife, nor no sedition in his pow'rs :  
No motion in his will against his reason ;  
No thought 'gainst thought, nor as 'twere in the  
confines.

Of wishing and repenting, doth possess  
Only a wayward and tumultuous peace ;  
But all parts in him friendly and secure :

Fruit-

Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,  
 He can with ev'ry wish, be in their plenty ;  
 When, the infectious guilt of one foul crime,  
 Destroys the free content of all our time.

*Chapman's first Part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

---Innocence unmov'd

At a false accusation, doth the more  
 Confirm itself and guilt is best discover'd  
 By its own fears.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

I have a boy  
 Sent by the Gods I hope, to this intent,  
 Not yet seen in the court ; hunting the buck  
 I found him sitting by a fountain side,  
 Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,  
 And paid the nymph again as much in tears :  
 A garland lay by him, made by himself  
 Of many several flow'rs, bred in the bay,  
 Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness  
 Delighted me : but ever, when he turn'd  
 His tender eyes upon them, he wou'd weep,  
 As if he meant to make them grow again.  
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story ;  
 He told me that his parents gentle, died,  
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
 Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs  
 Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,  
 Which still he thank'd him, yielded him his light.  
 Then took he up his garland, and did shew  
 What every flower, as country people hold,  
 Did signify ; and how all order'd thus,  
 Exprest his grief, and to my thoughts did read  
 The prettiest lecture of his country art  
 That could be wish'd, so that me thought I could  
 Have studied it.—

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Philastra.*

But

---But I,

And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,  
 Lov'd, for we did; and like the elements  
 That knows not what nor why, yet do effect  
 Rare issues by their operance: our souls  
 Did so to one another: what she liked was  
 Then of me approved: what not, condemned.  
 No more arraignment: the flower that I would  
 pluck

And put between my breasts, (oh, then but be-  
 ginning

To swell about the blossom) she'd long  
 Till she had such another, and commit  
 To the like innocent cradle, where phoenix-like,  
 They died in perfume: on my head no toy  
 But was her pattern, her affections (pretty,  
 Tho' happily they careless were) I follow'd  
 For my most serious decking; had mine ear  
 Stolen some new air, or at adventure humm'd one  
 From musical coinage, why it was a note,  
 Whereon her spirits would sojourn, (rather dwell on)  
 And sing it in her slumbers: this rehearsal,  
 Which surely innocence wots well, comes in  
 Like old importment's bastard, has this end,  
 That true love 'tween maid and maid may be  
 More than in sex dividual.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Noble Kinsmen.*

Is all the council that we two have shar'd:  
 The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,  
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time,  
 For parting us: O! and is all forgot?  
 All school-days friendship, childhood-innocence?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial Gods  
 Created with our needles both one flow'r:  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;  
 Both warbling of one song, both on one key;  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds

Had



Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet an union in partition,  
 Two lovely blossoms moulded on one stem.  
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry  
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
 And will you rend our antient love asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly ;  
 Our sex, as well as I may chide you for't,  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Shakespear's Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions  
 To start into her face ; a thousand innocent shames,  
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes,  
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire  
 To burn the errors that these princes hold  
 Against her maiden truth.

*Shakespear's Much ado about Nothing.*

We were, fair queen,  
 Two lads that thought there was no more behind,  
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
 And to boy eternal.

We were as twin'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' sun,  
 And bleat the one at the other : what we chang'd  
 Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not the  
 Doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd,  
 That any did : had we pursu'd that life,  
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd,  
 Hereditary ours.

*Shakespear's Winter Tale.*

The silence often of pure innocence  
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Shakespear's Winter's Tale.*

Come on, poor babe;  
Some powerful spirits instruct the kites and ravens  
To be thy nurfes: wolves and bears, they fay,  
Casting their favagenefs afide, have done  
Like offices of pity.

*Shakeſpear's Much ado about Nothing.*

Innocence ſhall make  
False accusation bluſh, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.

*Shakeſpear's Much ado about Nothing.*

---All your attempts  
Shall fall on me, like brittle ſhafts on armour,  
That break themſelves; or like waves againſt a  
rock

That leave no ſign of their o'erboiling fury  
But foam and ſplinters: my innocence, like theſe,  
Shall ſtand triumphant, and your malice ſerve  
But for a trumpet, to proclaim my conqueſt;  
Nor ſhall you, though you do the worſt fate can,  
Triumph o'er him whom innocence protects.

*Maſſinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.*

What ſtronger breſt-plate than a heart untainted?  
Thrice is he arm'd that has his quarrel juſt;  
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in ſteel,  
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

*Shakeſpear's Henry VI.*

Wealthy men,

That have eſtates to loſe, whoſe conſcious thoughts  
Are full of inward guilt, may ſhake with horror,  
To have their actions ſifted, or appear  
Before the judge: but we that know ourſelves  
As innocent as poor; that have no fleece  
On which the talons of the griping law  
Can ſure take hold, may ſmile with ſcorn on all  
That can be urg'd againſt us.

*Beaumont's Spaniſh Curate.*

I thank the Gods, no secret thoughts reproach me,  
No ; I dare challenge heav'n to turn me outward,  
And shake my soul quite empty in their sight.  
A general fierceness dwells with innocence,  
And conscious virtue is allow'd some pride.

*Dryden's Oedipus.*

Against the head which innocence secures  
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain ;  
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of heav'n.  
*S. Johnson's Irene.*

False to his bed ! what is it to be false ?  
To lie in watch there, and to think on him ;  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock ; if sleep  
Charge nature.  
To break it with a fearful dream of him  
And cry myself awake ; that's false to his bed.

*Shakespeare's Cymbeline.*

## INQUIETUDE.

Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain ; he bites his lip and starts ;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple ;  
Strait springs out into fast gait, then stops again ;  
Strikes his breast hard, and then, anon he casts  
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures  
We've seen him set himself.

*Shakespeare's Henry VIII.*

I had a thing to say---but, let it go :  
The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds  
To give me audience. If the midnight bell  
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth  
Sound one into the drowsy race of night,

If



If this same were a churchyard, where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;  
Or if that surly spirit Melancholy  
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,  
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot Laughter keep men's eyes,  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment;  
(A passion hateful to my purposes)  
Or if thou couldst see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful soul of words ;  
Then in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts ;  
But ah ! I will not.-----

*Shakespear's King John.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :  
The genius, and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council ; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.*

O think, what anxious moments pass between  
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.  
Oh 'tis a dreadful interval of time,  
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.

*Aldison's Cato.*

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly : if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With its surcease success ; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all---here,  
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come ; but in the cases

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We still have judgment here, that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions ; which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor. Even-handed justice  
 Returns the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips, he's here in doubtful trust :  
 First, as I'm his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed : then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderers shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd 'gainst  
 The deep damnation of his taking off :  
 And pity, like a new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubim hors'd  
 Upon the sightless courfers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye ;  
 That tears shall drown the wind---I have no  
 spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
 And falls on th' other. *Shakespeare's Macbeth.*

The colour of the king doth come and go,  
 Between his purpose and his conscience ;  
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent,  
 Tho' passion is so ripe it needs must break  
*Shakespeare's King John.*

INSTRUCTION.

If to do, were as easy as to know  
 What were good to do, chapels had been churches ;  
 And poor men's cottages, princes palaces.  
 He is a good divine, that follows his  
 Own instructions ; I can easier  
 Teach twenty what were good to be done, than  
 To be one of the twenty to follow

My own teaching : the brain may devise laws  
For the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er  
A cold decree. *Shakespear's Merchant of Venice.*

Hear me, James,  
And lay up this last lesson in thy heart ;  
When I am dead, look on thy brother Charles,  
Not as thy brother only, but thy king ;  
Pay him fraternal love and subject duty :  
Nor let ambition, or the thirst to reign,  
Poison thy firm allegiance : when thou seest him,  
Bear him my blessing and this last advice ;  
If heav'n restores him to his lawful crown,  
Let him wreak no revenge upon his foes,  
But think it his best conquest to forgive ;  
With kindness let him treat success, so shall she be  
A constant guest ; his promise when once given,  
Let no advantage break ; nor any view  
Make him give up his honesty to reach it ;  
Let him maintain his pow'r, but not increase it ;  
The string prerogative when strain'd too high  
Cracks like the tortur'd chord of harmony,  
And spoils the concert between king and subject ;  
Let him regard his people more than ministers,  
Whose interest or ambition may mislead him.

*Howard's Charles I.*

Decius !

If Rome should raise thee to her highest service  
(As thou hast merit to expect her honours)  
Serve her for love of Rome, and not for interest ;  
Let glory be thy second motive only,  
Thy country's love be ever first and dearest ;  
In liberty's defence, fight constant, single  
Die with her——'tis no life if you survive her ;  
The greatest glory of a free-born people,  
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.  
Search out for hidden worth——and then reward it :  
The noblest prospect to a Roman eye,



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Is greatness, lifting merit up to fame.  
 Let falsehood be a stranger to thy-lips ;  
 Shame on the policy that first began  
 To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts !  
 And double shame on that inglorious tongue  
 That sold its honesty and told a lie !

*Havard's Regulus.*

Be ready for all changes in thy fortune,  
 Be constant when they happen---but, above all  
 Mostly distrust good fortune's soothing smile ;  
 There lurks the danger, tho' we least suspect it :  
 Hunt for no offices---accept them offer'd---  
 But never to the wrong of suffering merit ;  
 Or thy own virtue---there may chance a time  
 When by refusing honours---you most gain them.

*Havard's Regulus.*

If thy paternal acres be well till'd  
 Thou hast a superfluity ; for gold,  
 See it adorn the temples of the Gods,  
 But banish it your coffers, and your house :  
 Let the vain-glorious, or the villain hoard it,  
 Who loves a flatterer---or who sells his country :  
 Be honest poverty thy boasted wealth ;  
 So shall thy friendships be sincere, tho' few,  
 So shall thy sleep be sound, thy waking chearful.---

*Havard's Regulus.*

'Tis but instruction, all ! Our parents hand  
 Writes, on our heart, the first, faint characters,  
 Which time, re-tracing, deepens into strength,  
 That nothing can efface, but death, or heav'n.

*Hill's Zoro.*

Let truth and virtue be their earliest teachers ;  
 Keep from their ear the Syren-voice of flattery,  
 Keep from their eye the harlot-form of vice,  
 Who spread, in every court, their silken snares,

And

And charm but to betray. Betimes instruct them,  
 Superior rank demands superior worth;  
 Pre-eminence of valour, justice, mercy:  
 But chief, that tho' exalted o'er mankind  
 They are themselves but men---frail suffering dust;  
 From no one injury of human lot  
 Exempt; but fever'd by the same heat, chill'd  
 By the same cold, torn by the same disease,  
 That scorches, freezes, racks and kills the beggar.

*Mallet's Alfred.*

Oh Ilyssus!

Whate'er becomes of me, when thou shalt reach  
 That envied pinnacle of earthly greatness,  
 Where faithful monitors but rarely follow,  
 Ev'n there, amidst the kindest smiles of fortune,  
 Forget not thou wer't once distress'd and friendless.  
 Be strictly just; but yet, like heav'n, with mercy  
 Temper thy justice: from the purg'd ear  
 Banish base flattery, and spurn the wretch  
 Who would persuade thee thou art more than  
 man;

Weak, erring, selfish man, endued with power  
 To be the minister of public good.  
 If conquest charm thee, and the pride of war  
 Blaze on thy sight, remember thou art plac'd  
 The guardian of mankind, nor build thy fame  
 On rapines and on murders. Should soft peace  
 Invite to luxury, the pleasing bane  
 Of happy kingdoms, know from thy example  
 The bliss and woe of nameless millions springs,  
 Their virtue, or their vice. Nor think by laws  
 To curb licentious man; those laws alone  
 Can bend the headstrong many to their yoke  
 Which make it present int'rest to obey them.

*Smith.*

## INSECTS.

All nature swarms with life ; one wond'rous mass  
 Of animals or atoms organiz'd,  
 Waiting the vital breath, when parent heav'n  
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen  
 In putrid steams emits the living cloud  
 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,  
 Where scorching sun-beams scarce can find a way,  
 Earth animated heaves. The flow'ry leaf  
 Wants not its soft inhabitant. Secure  
 Within its winding citadel, the stone  
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs  
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,  
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp  
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed  
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool  
 Stands mantled o'er with green invisible,  
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray.  
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,  
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
 With various forms abounds : nor is the stream  
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,  
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems,  
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd  
 By the kind art of forming heaven, escape  
 The grosser eye of man : for, if the worlds  
 In worlds inclos'd, should on his senses burst,  
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,  
 We would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,  
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

*Thompson's Seasons.*

For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,  
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies waste  
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,  
 Through buds and bark, into the blackened core,  
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft

The



The sacred sons of vengeance ! on whose course  
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

ISLANDS *Fortunate.*

The happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,  
Are stiled by tuneful bards, the fortunate:  
Eternal spring with smiling verdure here  
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year,  
From crystal rocks transparent riv'lets flows,  
The rose still blushes, and the violets blow.  
The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears ;  
The lab'ring hind the mellow olive cheers :  
Blossoms and fruits at once the citron shows,  
And, as she pays, discovers still she owes ;  
And the glad orange courts the am'rous maid  
With golden apples, and a silken shade.  
No blasts e'er discompose the piercing sky ;  
The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh,  
The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,  
And warbling dirges die on every note.  
Where Flora treads, her zephyr garlands flings,  
Shaking rich odours from the purple wings :  
And birds from woodbine bow'rs and jessmine  
groves

Chaunt their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.  
Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent gales,  
Cool grottoes, silver brooks, and flow'ry vales,  
In this best climate all the circling year prevails.

*Garth's Dispensary.*

INTENTION.

Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,  
Nor think the intention sanctifies the deed :  
That maxim publish'd in an impious age,  
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,

And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title.  
 Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,  
 And bid success become the test of truth !  
 Unpitying massacre might waste the world,  
 And persecution boast the call of heav'n.

*Johnson's Irene.*

### INTEREST.

Far as the sun his radiant course extends,  
 Interest, my friend, with sway despotic rules.  
 Some fight for interest, some for interest pray,  
 And were not honesty the road to want,  
 It would not be that slighted thing it is.

*Gentleman's Osman.*

### INTREATY.

Have you the heart? when your head did but ake  
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me)  
 And I did never ask it you again;  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
 And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still anon chear'd up the heavy time;  
 Saying, what lacks you, and where lies your grief?  
 Or what good love may I perform for you?  
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
 But you at your sick service had a prince;  
 Nay you may think my love was a crafty love,  
 And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:  
 If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
 Why then you must---will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes that never did, and never shall  
 So much as frown on you.-----

Alas, what need you be so boistrous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone still?  
 For heav'n's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound,  
 Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the iron angrily;  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you  
 Whatever torment you put me to:  
 Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Art.* O heav'n! that there were but a moth in  
 yours.

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
 Any annoyance in that precious sense:  
 Then feeling what small things are boistrous there,  
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Shakespear's King John.*

But whate'er you are  
 That in this desert inaccessible  
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;  
 If ever you have look'd on better days,  
 If ever been where bells have knell'd the church,  
 If ever sat at any good man's feast;  
 If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,  
 And known what 'tis to pity and be pitied,  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

*Shakespear's As you Like it.*

## INVOCATION.

Mona on Snowdon calls:  
 Hear, thou king of mountains, hear,  
 Hark, she speaks from all her strings;  
 Hark, her loudest eccho rings;  
 King of mountains, bend thine ear,  
 Send thy spirits, send them soon,  
 Now, when midnight and the moon



Meet upon thy front of snow,  
 See their gold and ebon rod,  
 Where the sober sisters nod,  
 And great in whispers sage and slow.  
 Snowdon mark! 'tis Magic's hour,  
 Now the mutter'd spell hath power,  
 Pow'r to rend thy ribs of rock  
 And burst thy base with thunder's shock;  
 But to thee no ruder spell  
 Shall Mona use, than those that dwell  
 In music's secret cells, and lie  
 Steep'd in the stream of harmony.

Snowdon has heard the strain.

Hark, amid the wand'ring grove  
 Other harpings answer clear,  
 Other voices meet our ear.  
 Pinions flutter, shadows move,  
 Busy murmurs hum around,  
 Rustling vestments brush the ground;  
 Round, and round, and round they go  
 Thro' the twilight, thro' the shade,  
 Mount the oaks majestic head,  
 And gild the tufted mistletoe.  
 Cease, ye glitt'ring race of light,  
 Close your wings, and check your flight:  
 Here, arrang'd in order due,  
 Spread your robes of saffron hue;  
 For lo, with more than mortal fire,  
 Mighty Mador smites the lyre.

*Mason's Caractacus.*

Ye mysterious powers!

Whose ways are ever gracious, ever just,  
 As ye think wisest, best, dispose of me;  
 But whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,  
 Or on your mountains walk; give me the calm,

The

The steady smiling soul; where wisdom sheds  
Eternal sunshine, and eternal peace.

*Thompson's Sophonisba.*

Thou God omnipotent, tremendous Mars!  
Behold on earth thy humble suppliant kneel.

If from my early years I still have been

Thy faithful votary train'd up in arms;

Thy glorious toils still my sublimest joy:

O give thy soldier now to face those terrors,

Nor wild amazement wither his strong heart,

*Frowde's Philotas.*

Oh!--thou! dark, awful, vast, mysterious power,  
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend!

If ignorant of thy new laws I stray,

—Shed, from thy distant heav'n, where-e'er it  
shines,

One ray of guardian light, to clear my way:

And teach me first to find, then act, thy will.

*Hill's Alzira.*

O wonder-working hand,

That in majestic silence, sways at will

The mighty movements of unbounded nature;

O grant me, heav'n! the virtues to sustain

This awful burden of so many heroes!

Let me not be exalted into shame

Set up the worthless pageant of vain grandeur.

*Thompson's Tancred and Sigismunda:*

Ye sacred powers,

My country's Gods, that for three thousand years

Have reign'd protectors of the tribe of Ishmael;

And thou, O sun, resplendent torch of day,

The image of those Gods, who in thy march

Beam'ft their light on us, O support my spirit

In that firm purpose it has always held,

To

To combat violence, fraud and usurpation,  
To pluck the spoil from the oppressor's jaws,  
And keep my country as I found it, free.

*Miller's Mahomet.*

O witness, heav'n,  
Whose eye the heart's profoundest depth explores,  
That if not to perform my regal task;  
To be the common father of my people,  
Patron of honour, virtue, and religion;  
If not to shelter useful worth, to guard  
His well-earn'd portion from the sons of rapine,  
And deal out justice with impartial hand;  
If not to spread on all good men thy bounty,  
The treasures trusted to me, not my own;  
If not to raise anew our English name,  
By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bless,  
And generous war to humble proud oppressors;  
Yet more; if not to build the public weal  
On that firm base which can alone resist  
Both time and chance, and liberty and law;  
If I for these great ends am not ordain'd——  
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

*Mallet's Alfred.*

Ye pow'rs of darkness that rejoice in ill;  
All sworn by Styx, with pestilential blasts  
To wither every virtue in the bud;  
To keep the door of dark conspiracy,  
And snuff the grateful fumes of human blood!  
From sulphur blue, or your red beds of fire,  
On your black ebon thrones, auspicious rise;  
And bursting thro' the barriers of this world,  
Stand in dread contrast to the golden sun;  
Fright day-light hence with your infernal smiles,  
And howl aloud your formidable joy,  
While I transport you with the fair record  
Of what your faithful minister has done,  
Beyond your inspiration, self-impell'd;

To



To spread your empire, and secure his own.  
Hear and applaud. *Young's Brothers.*

On you, celestial arbiters, we call.  
Now as we stand environ'd by distress,  
Now weigh our actions past, deform'd or fair,  
If e'er oppression hath defil'd his valour;  
In help or pity to the woes of others,  
Our hearts been scanty, or our hands reserv'd,  
Let our transgressions ratify our doom:  
Else with your justice let our merits plead,  
To hold its shield before us, and repel  
These undeserv'd misfortunes *Glover's Boadicea.*

Come inspiration, from thy hermit seat,  
By mortals seldom found: may fancy dare,  
From thy fix'd serious eye and raptur'd glance,  
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look,  
Creative of the poet, every power  
Exalting to an extasy of soul. *Thompson's Seasons.*

## IRRESOLUTION.

Irresolution frames a thousand horrors  
Embodying each. *Martyn's Timoleon.*

I long to see the christian's happy climes;  
Yet in the moment, while I form that prayer,  
I sigh a secret wish, to languish here.  
How sad a state is mine, my restless soul  
All ign'rant what to do, or what to wish?  
My only perfect sense is, that of pain.  
*Hill's Zara.*

Talk not of Osmond, but perfidious Tancred,  
Rail at him, rail! invent new names of scorn!  
Assist me, Laura; lend my rage fresh fewel;  
Support my staggering purpose, which already  
Begins to fail me--Ah, my vaunts how vain!  
How

How have I ly'd to my own heart!--Alas  
 My tears return, the mighty flood o'erwhelms me!  
 Ten thousand crowding images distract  
 My tortur'd thought

*Thompson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

## ITALY.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state  
 Has felt the worst severity of fate;  
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,  
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke:  
 Not that her palaces to earth are thrown,  
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;  
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd;  
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled;  
 That there the source of science flows no more  
 When its rich streams supply'd the world before.

*L. Littleton.*

## JOCKEY.

My lord, upon New-market course,  
 Whips, spurs, and bears the straining horse,  
 Dost thou not think it somewhat odd,  
 To see a peer upon the sod,  
 His family and rank debase,  
 (To family and rank disgrace,)  
 Shake hands with rascals, thieves, and sharpers.  
 'Tis said they're much the same at A——r's  
 To bring clear off—clear——not a guinea,  
 Won't you pronounce him knave or ninny?  
 Think him or sensible or crazy;  
 He cares not-- fashion makes him easy:  
 While madam Prudence truckles under,  
 And Wisdom gazes struck with wonder,  
 To see the chieftains of the nation,  
 Thus serving villainy's probation.

Nay

Nay less perplex their patriot brains,  
 With making laws than guiding reins;  
 And study more to win a heat,  
 Than shine in senatorial seat.

*Gentleman's Camillo. MS.*

In all attempts, but for their country bold,  
 Britain, thy conscript senators behold;  
 Smit with the love of the Laconic boot,  
 The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit,  
 Meer modern Phaetons usurp the reins,  
 And scour in rival cars Newmarket plains---  
 See side by side the jockey and Sir John  
 Discuss the important point of six to one;  
 For oh my muse, the deep felt bliss how dear,  
 How great the pride to gain a jockey's ear---  
 Go on, brave youths, till in some later age,  
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge,  
 Till England sees her thronging senators,  
 Meet all at Westminster in boots and spurs:  
 See the whole house in mutual frenzy mad,  
 Her patriots all in leather breeches clad;  
 Of bets not statutes learnedly debate,  
 And guide with equal reins a steed and state.

*Newmarket Satire.*

**BEN JOHNSON,** (*his Character.*)

When Johnson came, instructed from the school,  
 To please in method, and invent by rule;  
 His studious patience, and laborious art,  
 By regular approach, essay'd the heart;  
 Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,  
 For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.  
 A mortal born, he met the general doom,  
 But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

*Samuel Johnson.*

JOY.



## J. O. Y.

O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death,  
And let the lab'ring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heav'n. If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy! for I fear,  
My soul has her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort, like to this,  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Shakespear's Othello.*

Now my veins swell, and my arms grasp the poles;  
My breasts grow bigger with the vast delight:  
'Tis length of rapture, and an age of fury!

*Lee's Alexander.*

---- Death, I fear me,

Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my rude pow'rs;  
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The flying enemy.

*Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.*

My joys, like men in crowds, press out so fast;  
They stop by their own numbers, and their haste,

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

Wonder and joy so fast together flow,  
Their haste to pass, has made their passage slow;  
Like struggling waters in a vessel pent,  
Whose crowding drops choak up the narrow vent.

*Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.*

Wife

Wife heaven doth see it as fit  
In all our joys to give us some allays,  
As in our sorrows comforts: when our fails  
Are fill'd with happiest winds, then we most need  
Some heaviness to ballast us.

*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

How exquisite is pleasure after pain!  
Why throbs my heart so turbulently strong,  
Pain'd at thy presence, this redundant joy  
Like a poor miser, beggar'd by his store?

*Young's Brothers.*

Were my whole life to come one heap of troubles,  
The pleasure of this moment would suffice,  
And sweeten all my griefs with its remembrance.

*Lee's Mitbridates.*

Why dost thou come to make my bliss run o'er?  
What is there more to wish? fortune can find  
No flaw in such a glut of happiness,  
To let one misery in.---O my Varanes!  
Thou, who of late didst seem to walk on clouds!  
Now give a loose, let go the slackened reins:  
Let us drive down this precipice of joy,  
As if that all the winds of heav'n were for us.

*Lee's Theodosius.*

I cannot speak, tears so obstruct my words,  
And choak me with unutterable joy.

*Otway's Caius Marius.*

Be still my sorrows! and be loud my joys!  
Fly to the utmost circle of the seas,  
Thou furious tempest that hast toss'd my mind,  
And leave no thought but Leonora there.  
What's this I feel a boding in my soul,  
As if this day were fatal? be it so!  
Fate shall have but the leavings of my love!

My

My joys are gloomy, but withal are great:  
 The lion, tho' he sees the toils are set,  
 Yet pinch'd with raging hunger, scours away,  
 Hunts in the face of danger all the day,  
 At night with sullen pleasure grumbles o'er his  
 prey. *Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

She bids me hope; O heav'ns! she pities me;  
 And pity still foreruns approaching love,  
 As lightning does the thunder. Tune your harps,  
 Ye angels, to that sound! and thou, my heart,  
 Make room to entertain thy flowing joys:  
 Hence all my griefs, and every anxious care;  
 One look, and one kind glance can cure despair.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Am I then pity'd? I have liv'd enough.  
 Death, take me in this moment, of my joy:  
 But when my soul is plung'd in long oblivion;  
 Spare this one thought, let me remember pity;  
 And so deceiv'd, think all my life was blest'd.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Joy is in every face without a cloud:  
 As in the scene of opening paradise,  
 The whole creation danc'd at their new being:  
 Pleas'd to be what they were, pleas'd with each  
 other.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

A secret pleasure trickles thro' my veins;  
 It works about the inlets of my soul.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Now, by my soul, and by these hoary hairs,  
 I'm so overwhelmed with pleasure, that I feel  
 A latter spring within my wither'd limbs,  
 That shoots me out again.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Be



Be gone, my cares, I give you to the winds,  
Far to be borne; far from the happy Altamont;  
Far from the sacred æra of my love:  
A better order of succeeding joys  
Comes smiling forward, white, and lucky all.  
Calista is the mistress of the year,  
She crowns the seasons with auspicious beauty,  
And bids even all my hours be good and joyful.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

## J O V E.

So when of old, Jove from the Titans fled,  
Ammon's rude front his radiant face bely'd;  
And all the majesty of heav'n lay hid:  
At length by fate, to power divine restor'd,  
His thunder taught the world to know its lord;  
The god grew terrible again, and was again ador'd.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

So Jove look'd down upon the war of atoms,  
And rude tumultuous Chaos, when as yet,  
Fair nature, form, and order, had no being:  
But discord and confusion troubled all:  
Calm and serene upon his throne he sat,  
Fix'd there by the eternal law of fate:  
Safe in himself, because he knew his power,  
And knowing what he was, he knew he was secure.

*Rowe's Ulysses.*

## J U D G E.

He was then a judge, and in Cathedra,  
In which he could not err; it may be your  
Lordship's case: out of the chair and seat  
Of justice, he hath his frailties, is loos'd,  
And expos'd to the condition of other  
Human natures; so ev'ry judge, your lordships

Are

Are not ign'rant, hath a kind of priv'lege  
 While he is in state, office and being ;  
 And although he may *quoad se*, internally,  
 And privately, be guilty of brib'ry of  
 Justice; yet *quoad nos*, and in public,  
 He is an upright and innocent judge :  
 We are to take no notice, nay, we deserv'd  
 To suffer, if we should detect or stain  
 Him; for in that, we disparage the office,  
 Which is the king's, and may be our own ; but  
 Once remov'd from his place by just dishonour  
 Of the king, he is no more a judge, but  
 A common person, whom the law takes hold  
 On ; and we are then to forget what he  
 Hath been ; and without partiality,  
 To strip and lay him open to the world,  
 A counterfeit and corrupt judge. As for  
 Example, he may, and ought to flourish  
 In his greatness, and break any man's neck,  
 With as much facility as a jest ;  
 But the case being alter'd, and he down,  
 Ev'ry subject shall be heard : a wolf may  
 Be apparel'd in a lamb-skin ; and if  
 Ev'ry man should be afraid to speak truth,  
 Nay and more than truth ; if the good of the  
 Subject, which are clients, sometimes require  
 It, there would be no remove of officers ;  
 If no remove, no motions ; if no motion  
 In court, no heat ; and by consequence, but  
 Cold terms : take away this moving, this removing  
 Of judges, the law may bury itself  
 In buckram, and the kingdom suffer for  
 Want of a due execution.

*Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.*

Fly, judges fly, corruption's in your court;  
 The judge of truth hath made your judgment  
 short :

Look

Look so to judge, that at the latter day  
Ye be not judg'd with those that went astray ;  
Who passeth judgment for his private gain,  
He well may judge he is adjudged to pain.

*Lodge and Green's Looking-Glass for Lond. and Eng.*

It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,  
That does commit greater himself, and lives.

*Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.*

---For in a government

Th' offence is greatest in the instrument  
That hath the pow'r to punish ; and in laws  
The author's trespass makes the foulest cause.

*Nabb's Microcosmus.*

Who painted justice blind, did not declare  
What magistrates should be, but what they are :  
Not so much 'cause they rich and poor should  
weigh

In their just scales alike ; but because they  
Now blind with bribes, are grown so weak of sight,  
They'll sooner feel a cause, than see it right.

*Heath's Glarastella.*

1. Yet shew some pity.

2. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice ;  
For then I pity those, I do not know ;  
Which a dismiss'd offence, would after gall ;  
And do him right, that answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another.

*Shakespear's Measure for Measure.*

May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence ?  
In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;  
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law ; but 'tis not so above :  
There, is no shuffling ; there, the action lies

In



In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,  
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence. *Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

----The Gods

Grow angry with your patience : 'tis their care,  
 And must be yours, that guilty men escape not :  
 As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.

*Johnson's Cataline.*

Just men are only free, the rest are slaves.

*Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.*

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear  
 To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

*Swenam, the Woman-Hater.*

----With an equal scale

He weighs th' offences betwixt man and man ;  
 He is not so sooth'd with adulation,  
 Nor mov'd with tears, to wrest the course of justice  
 Into an unjust current, t' oppress th' innocent ;  
 Nor does he make the laws  
 Punish the man, but in the man the cause.

*Swenam, the Woman-Hater.*

When just revenge hath a right level made,  
 Home to the head she may the arrow bring ;  
 And when provoked Justice draws her blade,  
 Into the fire she will the scabbard fling.  
 Justice and sin should keep an equal race ;  
 If sins do gallop, Justice must not pace.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

This noble youth, a stranger t' every thing  
 But gallantry ; ignorant in our laws and customs,  
 Has made perchance,  
 In strange severity, a forfeit of himself ;  
 But should you take it,

The

The Gods when he is gone will sure revenge it :  
 If from the stalk you pull this bud of virtue,  
 Before it has spread, and shewn itself abroad,  
 You do an injury to all mankind ;  
 And publick mischief cannot be private justice.

*Suckling's Goblins.*

The miser's gold, the painted cloud  
 Of titles, that make vain men proud ;  
 The courtier's pomp, or glorious scar  
 Got by a soldier in the war ;  
 Can hold no weight with his brave mind,  
 That studies to preserve mankind.

*Sir William Davenant's News from Plymouth.*

*Planet* J U P I T E R.

Hence through the boundless void we nimbly move,  
 And reach the wide extended plains of Jove.  
 Here the stern tyrant sways an iron rod ;  
 A thousand vassals tremble at his nod.  
 How short the period of a tyrant's date !  
 The pois'nous phial speeds the work of fate :  
 Scarce is the proud imperious tyrant dead,  
 But lo ! a second lords it in his stead.  
 Here peace, as common merchandize, is sold,  
 Heav'n's first great blessing for pernicious gold :  
 War soon succeeds, the sturdy squadrons stand  
 Wide o'er the fields a formidable band ;  
 With num'rous fleets they croud the groaning main,  
 And triumph for the victories they feign :  
 Again in strict alliance they unite,  
 Till discord raise again the phantom of a fight.  
 Again they sail ; again the troops prepare  
 Their faulchions for the mockery of war.  
 The son inhuman seeks his father's life,  
 The slave his master's, and her lord's the wife.

With vengeance thus their kindling bosoms fire,  
Since Jove usurped the scepter of his fire.

Thence poisons, perjuries, and bribes betray;  
Nor other passions do their souls obey,  
Than thirst of gold, and avarice of sway.

*Smart.*

## JUSTICE.

O immortal justice,  
Thou undivided particle from heav'n,  
That lengthens to its substitute below,  
And arms his subject hand with majesty  
Terrific; for thy cause, a willing agent,  
My sword I draw: do thou inspire the stroke  
With prevalence divine. As thine the wrong,  
Vengeance and punishment to thee belong;  
The injur'd state of innocence restore,  
Crush the bold insults of aspiring pow'r,  
Shine like thy radiant source, and make the world  
adore.

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

They have great odds,  
Against the astonish'd sons of violence,  
Who fight with awful justice on their side.

*Thompson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

To send the injur'd unredress'd away,  
How great see'er the offender, and the wrong'd,  
Howe'er obscure, is wicked---weak and vile---  
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

Let not rage and vengeance mix their rancour  
Let them not trouble with their fretful storm,  
'Their angry gleams, that azure, where enthron'd  
The calm divinity of justice sits  
And pities, while she punishes mankind.

*Thompson's Coriolanus.*

I bow



I bow in adoration to the Gods ;  
 I venerate their servants. But there is  
 There is a power, their chief, their darling care,  
 The guardian of mankind, which to betray  
 Were violating all---and that is justice.

*Thompson's Coriolanus.*

Of all the virtues justice is the best ;  
 Valour without it is a common pest :  
 Pyrates and thieves, too oft with courage grac'd,  
 Shew us how ill that virtue may be plac'd :  
 'Tis our complexion makes us chaste or brave :  
 Justice from reason and from heav'n we have :  
 All other virtues dwell but in the blood ;  
 That's in the soul, and gives the name of good.

*Waller's Poems.*

If the deed were ill,  
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
 To have a son set your decrees at naught ;  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;  
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person ?  
 Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,  
 And mock your working in a second body.  
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;  
 Be now the father, and propose a son :  
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd :  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And in your pow'r so silencing your son.

*Shakespeare's Henry IV.*

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
 Make instruments to scourge us.

*Shakespeare's King Lear.*

## JUSTIFICATION.

Justice, with favour, have I always done ;  
 Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never :  
 When have I aught exacted at your hands ?  
 Kent, to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,  
 Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks ;  
 Because my book prefer'd me to the king :  
 And seeing, ignorance is the curse of God,  
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,  
 Unless you be possess'd with dev'lish spirit,  
 You cannot but forbear to murder me.

*Shakespear's Henry VI.*

\*\*\*\*\*

## K.

## KENSINGTON GARDEN.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neigh-  
 b'ring lands,  
 Mid'st greens and sweets, a regal fabric, stands,  
 And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,  
 A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers,  
 The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair  
 To groves, and lawns, and unpolluted air :  
 Here, while the town in damp and darkness lies,  
 They breath in sun-shine, and see azure skies ;  
 Each walk with robes of various dyes bespread,  
 Seems from a far a moving tulip-bed,  
 Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,  
 And chintz the rival of the show'ry bow.

*Tickel.*

KENT.

K E N T.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civil'st place in all this isle;  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,  
The people lib'ral, valiant, active, wealthy.  
*Shakespear's Henry VI.*

K I N G S.

A sovereign's great example forms a people;  
The public breast is noble, or is vile,  
As he inspires it. *Mallet's Alfred.*

When those whom heav'n distinguishes o'er mil-  
lions,  
Profusely gives them honours, riches, power,  
Whate'er the expanded heart can wish: when they,  
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,  
Or worse, pervert those gifts, to deeds of ruin,  
Is there a wretch they rule so mean as they?  
Guilty at once of sacrilege to heav'n,  
And of perfidious robbery to men.—  
*Mallet's Alfred.*

It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant,  
To break into the bloody house of strife;  
And, on the winking of authority  
To understand a law, to know the meaning  
Of dang'rous majesty; when perchance it frowns  
More upon honour than advis'd respect.  
*Shakespear's King John.*

Men are deceiv'd who think there can be thrall  
Beneath a virtuous prince. Wish'd liberty  
Ne'er lovelier looks than under such a crown:  
But when his grace is meerly but lip good,



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And that, no longer than he airs himself  
Abroad in public; this is a case  
Deserves our fear, and doth presage the night  
And close approach of blood and tyranny.

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

Alas! what are we kings?  
Why do you Gods place us above the rest,  
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we  
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;  
And when we come to try the pow'r we have,  
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster.*

Why man, I never was a prince till now.  
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,  
Gilt tip-staves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,  
Troops of py'd butterflies, that flutter still  
In greatness summer, that confirm a prince;  
'Tis not the unsav'ry breath of multitudes,  
Shouting and clapping with confused din,  
That makes a prince. No Lucio: he's a king,  
A true right king, that dares do aught, save  
wrong;

Fear nothing mortal, but to be unjust;  
Who is not blown up with the flatt'ring puffs  
Of spongy sycophants; who stands unmov'd,  
De spite the jussling of opinion;  
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng,  
That strive to press his quiet out of him;  
Who sits upon Jove's footstool as I do,  
Adorning, not affecting majesty:  
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown  
Of clear content: this Lucio, is a king,----  
And of this empire ev'ry man's possess'd  
That's worth his soul.

*Marston's Antonio and Mellida.*

Some

Some would think the souls  
Of princes were brought forth by some more  
weighty  
Cause than those of meaner persons: they are  
Deceived; there's the same hand to them; the like  
Passions sway them; the same reason that makes  
A vicar to go to law for a tythe pig,  
And undo his neighbours, makes them spoil  
A whole province, and batter down goodly  
Cities with their cannon.

*Webster's Dutcheſs of Malfy.*

----- The faults kings do  
Shine like the fiery beacons on a hill,  
For all to ſee, and ſeeing tremble at.  
It's not a ſingle ill which you commit;  
What in the ſubject is a petty fault,  
Monſters your actions, and's a foul offence:  
You give your ſubjects licence to offend  
When you do teach them how.

*Hemming's Fatal Contract.*

What poor things are kings!  
What poorer things are nations to obey  
Him, whom a petty paſſion does command?  
Fate, why was man-made ſo ridiculous?  
Oh I am mortal. Men but flatter me.  
Oh fate! Why were not kings made more than  
men?  
Or why will people have us to be more?  
Alas! we govern others, but ourſelves.  
We cannot rule; as our eyes that do ſee  
All other things, but cannot ſee themſelves.

*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

Thou art deceiv'd; 'twas not his hand,  
But the juſt hand of heav'n that whips my ſins,  
And through my veins pours out the innocent  
blood

Which I had spilt before; the hand that holds  
 The equal balance to discern the weight  
 'Twixt princes justice and their tyranny,  
 Measures their blessings and their plagues alike,  
 To their fair virtues or black infamies;  
 And makes the horrid acts of murd'rous minds.  
 But instruments of plague to punish guilt;  
 And pay us in the coin with which we hop'd  
 To buy our glutt'nous surfeits. Such is the state  
 Of prince's privilege, that we may run  
 Into the depth of sin, and uncontroul'd  
 Pull vengeance on our heads; while the smooth hand  
 Of pest'lent flatt'ry claps us on the back,  
 And gives us edge to villainy, till they see  
 Mis'ry and desolation close us round;  
 Then they fly back and gaze, as on a place  
 Stricken with furious thunder in a storm:  
 When ev'ry vulgar hand has laws, and fear  
 Of prying authority to hold him back,  
 And friendly enemies to upbraid him with  
 His faults, and keep him in the bounds of mercy;  
 Only our heights bereave us of these helps;  
 And we are sooth'd in vices, till we run  
 Beyond the reach of grace, and stand within  
 The shot of heaviest vengeance, which seldom  
 comes

Short of our merits.

*Jones's Adrastus.*

—I bow, and give

My crown, pray take it; and with it, give me  
 leave

To tell you, what it brings the hapless wearer,  
 Beside the out-side glory; for I am  
 Read in the miserable fate of kings.

You think it glorious to command, but are  
 More subject than the poorest pays you duty;  
 And must obey your fears, your want of sleep,  
 Rebellion from your vassals, wounds ev'n from

Their



Their very tongues, whose quietness you sweat for;  
For whose dear health you waste and fright your  
Strength to paleness, and your blood into a frost.  
You are not certain of a friend or servant,  
To build your faith upon; your life is but  
Your subjects murmur, and your death their  
sacrifice. *Shirley's Politician.*

That king stands surest, who by's virtue rises  
More than by birth or blood. That prince is rare,  
Who strives in youth, to save his age from care.  
*Middleton's Phœnix.*

-----Misery of princes,  
That must of force be censur'd by their slaves!  
Not only blam'd, for doing things are ill;  
But, for not doing all, that all men will.  
*Webster's White Devil.*

The lives of princes, should like dials move;  
Whose regular example is so strong,  
They make the times by them go right, or wrong.  
*Webster's White Devil.*

The love of kings is like the blowing of  
Winds, which whistle sometimes gently among  
The leaves, and straightway turn the trees up by  
The roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off,  
And burneth near hand; or the sea, which makes  
Men hoise their sails in a flattering calm,  
And to cut their masts in a rough storm. They  
Place affection by times, by policy,  
By appointment; if they frown, who dares call  
Them unconstant? if bewray secrets, who  
Will term them untrue? if they fall to other  
Loves, who trembles not, if he calls them un-  
faithful?

In kings there can be no love, but to queens :  
 For as near must they meet in majesty,  
 As they do in affection.

It is requisite to stand aloof from  
 King's love, Jove, and lightning,

*Lilly's Alexander and Campaspe.*

Are the dire images of sad distrust,  
 And popular change obscur'd amid the dust,  
 That rises from the victor's rapid wheel ?  
 Can the loud clarion, or shrill fife, repel  
 The inward cries of care ? can nature's voice  
 Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the noise ;  
 Though shouts as thunder loud afflict the air,  
 Stun the birds now releas'd, and shake the iv'ry chair.  
 Yon croud (he might reflect) yon joyful crowd,  
 Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,  
 (Should fleeting victory to the vanquish'd go ;  
 Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)  
 Would, for that foe, with equal ardour wait  
 At the high palace, or the crowded gate ;  
 With restless rage would pull my statues down ;  
 And cast the brass anew to his renown.  
 O impotent desire of worldly sway !  
 That I, who make the triumph of to-day,  
 May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,  
 Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier !  
 Then (vileness of mankind !) then of all these,  
 Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,  
 Would one, alas ! repeat me good or great,  
 Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate ?  
 Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,  
 The victor's pastime, and the sport of war ;  
 Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,  
 Or be so poor, to own he was my friend ?

*Prior's Solomon.*

Kings

Kings are like other misers,  
Greedy of more: They use not what they have,  
As merchants vent'ring on the faithless seas,  
For needless wealth, are driven by sudden storms  
On banks of sands, or dash'd against the rocks;  
And all they have is sunk, and lost at once!  
Kings rush to wars, more faithless than the seas;  
Where more inconstant fortune waits their arms:  
Where, in a moment, one unhappy blow  
Ruins the progress of an age before.

*Hopkin's Pyrrhus.*

The Gods have for themselves alone reserv'd  
A quiet state: kings are their stewards here,  
Intrusted with the conquest of the world;  
And like good careful servants, must submit  
Their single profit to the general welfare.

*Landsdown's Heroic Love.*

Unbounded power and height of greatness give  
To kings that lustre which we think divine;  
The wise who know 'em, know they are but men,  
Nay, sometimes weak ones too. The croud indeed,  
Who kneel before the image, not the God,  
Worship the deity their hands have made.

*Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.*

The thoughts of princes dwell in sacred privacy,  
Unknown and venerable to the vulgar;  
And like a temple's innermost recesses,  
None enter to behold the hallowed mysteries,  
Unbidden of the God that dwells within.

*Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.*

O hard estate of empire; wretched kings!  
How are we snar'd in errors not our own;  
And hood-wink'd, led to crimes we most should  
shun.



Hence 'tis, our names stain'd black in chronicles,  
 When impious counsellors betry our reason  
 With eloquence, and ensnare us  
 And make injustice necessary.

*Tate's Loyal General.*

Wherefore pay you  
 This adoration to a sinful creature?  
 I'm flesh and blood, as you are; sensible  
 Of heat and cold; as much a slave unto  
 The tyranny of my passions, as the meanest  
 Of my poor subjects. The proud attributes  
 By oil'd tongue flattery impos'd upon us,  
 As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,  
 The deputy of heav'n, and in that  
 Omnipotent: with all false titles else,  
 Coin'd to abuse our frailty, though compounded,  
 And by the breath of sycophants apply'd,  
 Cure not the least fit of an ague in us.  
 We may give poor men riches; confer honours  
 On undeservers; raise or ruin such  
 As are beneath us; and with this puffed up  
 Ambition would persuade us to forget  
 That we are men: but he that sits above us,  
 And to whom, at our utmost rate, we are  
 But pageant properties, derides our weakness:  
 In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent:  
 Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids  
 That bow unto my scepter? or restore  
 My mind to that tranquillity and peace  
 It then enjoyed?

*Massinger's Emperor of the East.*

He does not think he is then like Jove  
 When he can thunder, but when he can hold  
 It in; not when he is the voice of death,  
 But when he sits harmless, with the power

Of

Of death about him. Revenge and torments,  
Executions, are not expressions of a king,  
But of destruction : he rivals not  
Th' immortal powers in temples, statues,  
Adoration, but transcendent virtues,  
Divine performances ; these are the additions  
By which he climbs to heaven, and appears  
A God on earth. *Killegrew's Conspiracy.*

O majesty !  
How thou dost pinch thy bearer ! thou dost sit  
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,  
That scald'st with safety.

*Shakespeare's Henry IV.*

'Tis better to be lowly born  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in glistring grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Shakespeare's Henry VIII.*

Kings, like heaven's eye, should spread their beam  
around,  
Pleas'd to be seen while glory's race they run :  
Rest is not for the chariot of the sun,  
Luxurious kings are to the people lost ;  
They live like drones upon the public cost.

*Dryden's Aurengzebe.*

O diadem, thou centre of ambition,  
Where all its different lines are reconcil'd,  
As if thou wert the burning glass of glory.

*Dryden and Lee's Oedipus.*

Princes are barr'd of liberty to roam,  
The fetter'd mind still languishes at home,  
In golden bands she treads the thoughtful round  
Business and cares eternally about.

*Lee's Theodosius.*

Kings'

Kings' titles generally begin by force,  
Which time wears off, and mellows into right;  
And power, which in one age is tyranny,  
Is ripen'd in the next to true succession.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Some are born kings,  
Made up of three parts fire: so full of heav'n,  
It sparkles at their eyes; inferior souls  
Know 'em as soon as seen, by sure instinct,  
To be their lords, and naturally worship  
The secret God within them.

*Dryden's Cleomenes.*

O Axalla!

Could I forget I am a man, as thou art,  
Would not the winter's cold, or summer's heat,  
Sickness, or thirst, or hunger, all the train  
Of nature's clamorous appetites, asserting  
An equal right in kings, and common men  
Reprove me daily? No, if I boast of aught,  
Be it to have been heaven's happy instrument,  
The means of good to all my fellow creatures:  
This is a king's best praise.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Th' unbusy'd shepherd stretch'd beneath the haw-  
thorn,  
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,  
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heav'ns,  
And idly whistling, while his sheep feed round him,  
Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies,  
Hemm'd in with care, and shook by storms of  
treason.

*Hill's Henry V.*

Who strikes at sov'reign power had need strike  
home;  
For storms that fail to blow the cedar down,  
May tear the branches, but they fix the roots.

*Jeffrey's Edwin.*

What



What is this pow'r, whose lust inflames you so?  
Is it to be a king? to range unquestion'd  
Thro' each dark maze of guilt, of death, and  
rapine?

Is't to dissolve in softness and in riots?  
Is it to reign o'er ignorance and vice?  
For wisdom droops where tyranny prevails;  
Oppression ever is the grave of virtue.  
If there is one who's form'd to be a king,  
He must be wise, be merciful, and brave;  
Of virtue, learning, and of arts the patron;  
Studious his country's interest to know,  
And active to pursue it---just to his word,  
Courteous, familiar to his people's view,  
Hope of the oppress'd, and dread of the oppressor.  
This is a king; he is a father too,  
The public father; for, where kings should reign,  
He seeks his empire in the people's hearts.

*Martyn's Timoleon.*

Shew wondering nations what a monarch should be;  
Heav'n's true vicegerent, whose superior soul  
Rais'd high above the tyrant's selfish pooriness,  
Pants but for power of doing good, rejects  
All power of doing ill; who makes no way  
But to revenge his people's wrongs, no peace  
But what secures their safety; courts no fame  
But from their happiness: a parent he,  
The public parent; they not slaves, but sons.

*Mallet's Alfred.*

Yes, we have lost a father!

The greatest blessing heav'n bestows on mortals,  
And seldom found amongst these wilds of time  
A good, a worthy king!--hear me, my Tancred,  
And I will tell thee in a few plain words,  
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.

'Tis

'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue.  
 He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children;  
 The good exalted, and depress'd the bad:  
 He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn rejected  
 Their smooth advice, that only means themselves,  
 Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness:  
 Well knowing that a people in their right  
 And industry protected; living safe  
 Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws,  
 Encourag'd in their genius, arts, and labours,  
 And happy each as he himself deserves,  
 Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand  
 They will for him provide: their filial love,  
 And confidence, are his unfailing treasury,  
 And every honest man his faithful guard.

*Thompson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

They whom just heaven has to a throne exalted,  
 To guard the rights and liberties of others,  
 What duty binds him to betray his own?

*Thompson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

I own no guilt: or kings of every age  
 Are criminal, thy ancestors and mine.  
 What is all war, but more diffusive robbery  
 Made sacred by success? What object swells  
 A monarch's highest aim!-----increase of power  
 And universal sway. This glorious end  
 All means must sanctify, that can secure.

*Thompson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Kings of their envy cheat a foolish world:  
 Fate gives us all in spite, that we alone  
 Might have the pain of knowing all is nothing.  
 The seeming means of bliss, but heighten woe,  
 When impotent to make their promise good:  
 Hence kings, at least, bid fairest to be wretched.

*Young's Brothers.*

Tho'

Tho' kings delight in raising what they love,  
 Less owe they to themselves, than to the throne;  
 Nor must they prostitute its majesty  
 To swell a subject's pride, how'er deserving.

What a king ought not, that he cannot give;  
 And what is more than meet for princes bounty  
 Is plunder not a grant.

True majesty's the very soul of kings;  
 And rectitude's the soul of majesty;  
 If mining minions sap that rectitude  
 The king may live, but majesty expires:  
 And he that lessens majesty, impairs  
 That just obedience public good requires,  
 Doubly a traitor to the crown and state.

Can a king give thee more than is his own?  
 Know a king's dignity is public wealth;  
 On that subsists the nation's fame and power.  
 Shall fawning, sycophants, to plump themselves,  
 Eat up their master and dethrone his glory?  
 What are such wretches? What, but vapours foul  
 From fens and bogs, by royal beams exhal'd,  
 That radiance intercepting, which should cheer  
 The land at large? hence subjects hearts grow  
 cold,

And frozen loyalty forgets to flow:  
 But, then 'tis slipp'ry standing for the minion:  
 Stains on his ermine, to their royal master  
 Such miscreants are, not jewels in his crown.

*Young's Brothers.*

— 'Tis true I am a king,  
 Honour and glory too have been my aim:  
 But though I dare face death, and all the dangers  
 Which furious war wears in its bloody front,  
 Yet could I chuse to fix my name by peace,

By



By justice, and by mercy; and to raise  
 My trophies on the blessings of mankind:  
 Nor would I buy the empire of the world  
 With ruin of the people whom I sway,  
 Or forfeit of my honour. *Young's Brothers.*

The vulgar call us Gods, and fondly think  
 That kings are cast in more than mortal moulds:  
 Alas! they little know that when the mind  
 Is cloy'd with pomp, our taste is pall'd to joy;  
 But grows more sensible of grief or pain.  
 The stupid peasant, with as quick a sense,  
 Enjoys the fragrance of the rose as I;  
 And his hard hand is proof against the thorn,  
 Which, rankling in my tender skin, would seem  
 A viper's tooth. O blissful poverty!  
 Nature too partial to thy lot, assigns  
 Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,  
 Her real goods, and only mocks the great  
 With empty pageantries. *Fenton's Marianne.*

Thou know'st the unhappy envied state of kings;  
 How perilous the height, how near to heav'n.  
 Ten thousand ways expos'd here to the lust  
 Of lawless will; there to the darker ruin  
 Of venal flattery. *Eurydice.*

The subject's reverence, and the princes' love  
 Grasping and grasp'd walk hand in hand together;  
 Strengthen'd by union, then the king's command  
 Is lost in the obedience of the subject:  
 The king unask'd confirms the people's rights,  
 And by the willing gift prevents the claim:  
 These are the virtues that endear a king,  
 Adorn a people, and true greatness bring.

*Havard's Charles I.*

O vain distinction of exalted state;  
 No rank ascends above the reach of care,

Nor

Nor dignity can shield a queen from woe.  
 Despotic nature's stronger scepter rules,  
 And paint and passion in her right prevail;  
 O th' unpitied lot, severe condition,  
 Of solitary, sad dejected grandeur:  
 Alone condemned to bear the unsocial throb  
 Of heart-felt anguish, and corroding grief;  
 Depriv'd of what, within his humble shed,  
 The poorest peasant in affliction finds  
 The kind condoling comfort of a dear  
 Partaking friend. *Jones's Earl of Essex.*

Unhappy state, where mercy and compassion  
 Too often meet with clamour and reproach;  
 But princes must endure, for public good,  
 The narrow censures of misguided crowds.  
*Jones's Earl of Essex.*

What is a king? a man condemned to bear  
 The public burthen of the nation's care;  
 Now crown'd some angry faction to appease;  
 Now falls a victim to the people's ease:  
 From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,  
 Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth:  
 At home surrounded by a servile crowd,  
 Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud:  
 Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears;  
 His very state acknowledging his fears:  
 Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows  
 His secret terror of a thousand foes;  
 In war however prudent, great, or brave,  
 To blind events and fickle chance a slave;  
 Seeking to settle what for ever flies,  
 Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize:  
 But he returns with conquest on his brow,  
 Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow;  
 The captive generals to his ear are ty'd,  
 The joyful citizens tumultuous ride,  
 Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.

}  
 What

What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and noise?  
 One great collection of the people's voice.  
 The wretches he brings back, in chains relate  
 What may to-morrow be the victor's fate.  
 The spoils and trophies, born before him, show  
 National loss, and epidemic woe;  
 Various distress, which he and his may know.  
 Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain;  
 The heroes, once the glory of the plain;  
 Left in the conflict of the fatal day,  
 Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey,  
 Does he not weep the laurel, which he wears,  
 Wet with the soldier's blood, and widow's tears?  
 See where he comes, the darling of the war!  
 See, millions crowding round the gilded car!  
 In the vast joys of this extatic hour,  
 And full fruition of successful pow'r;  
 One moment and one thought might let him scan  
 The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.

*Prior's Solomon.*

A monarch's crown,  
 Golden in shew, is but a crown of thorns;  
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless  
 nights,  
 To him who wears the regal diadem;  
 When on his shoulder each man's burthen lies:  
 For therein lies the office of a king;  
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
 That for the public all its weight he bears.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
 Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.  
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
 An outward honour for an inward toil;  
 And for unfelt imaginations,

They



They often feel a world of restless cares :  
 So that between their title and low name,  
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Shakespeare's Richard III.*

Know when the searching eye of heav'n is hid  
 Behind the globe, that lights the lower world ;  
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
 In murders, and in outrage bloody here.  
 But when from under this terrestrial ball  
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
 And darts his light thro' ev'ry guilty hole ;  
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their

backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves,  
 So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,  
 Who all this while has revell'd in the night,  
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes  
 Shall see us rising in our throne, the east ;  
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face  
 Not able to endure the sight of day ;  
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.  
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea,  
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;  
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
 The deputy elected by the lord :  
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,  
 To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,  
 Heav'n for his Richard, hath in heav'nly pay  
 A glorious angel ; then if angels fight,  
 Weak men must fall, for heav'n still guards the  
 right.

*Shakespeare's Richard II.*

## K I S S E S.

He kiss'd me hard,  
 As if he'd pluck up kisses by the roots,  
 That grow upon my lips.

*Shakespeare's Othello.*

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Sweet were his kisses on my balmy lips,  
As are the breezes breath'd amidst the groves  
Of ripening spices on the height of day.

*Behn's Abdelazar.*

Nectar and flames, and sweets of Hybla grow  
About her lips, ambrosial odours flow.

*Lee's Sophonisba.*

She brought her cheek up close and leaned on his;  
At which he whisper'd kisses back on her's.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

O let me run and seal  
My melting soul upon their bubbling wounds!  
I'll print upon their coral mouths such kisses,  
As shall recal their wand'ring spirits home.

*Dryden and Lee's Oedipus.*

I will provoke thy lips, lay siege so close  
That all thy fallying breath shall turn to blessings.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

They kissed with such a fervor,  
And gave such furious earnest of their flames,  
That their eyes sparkled, and their mantling blood  
Flew flushing over their faces.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

How could I dwell for ever on these lips!  
Oh! I could kiss 'em pale with eagerness!  
So soft, by heav'n! and such a juicy sweet,  
That ripen'd peaches have not half their flavour.

*Dryden's Amphytrion.*

Oh! let me live for ever on these lips!  
The nectar of the Gods to these is tasteless.

*Dryden's Amphytrion.*

I swear





And that the heav'n's this gift were then be-  
queathing,

To feed on nothing, but each other's breathing.  
*Brown's Pastorals.*

Whose kisses raise between them such a fire,  
That should the phoenix see, he to expire  
Would shun the spicy mountain; and so take  
Himself between their lips, a grave to make.  
*Randolph.*

Now you that taste of Hymen's cheer,  
See that your lips do meet so near,  
That cockles may be tutor'd there. *Randolph.*

Now let us kiss; would you be gone?  
Manners at least allow me one:  
Blush you at this? pretty one stay,  
And I will take that kiss away,  
Thus with a second; and that too  
A third wipes off; so will we go  
To numbers that the stars out run,  
And all the atoms in the sun:  
For though we kiss 'till Phœbus ray  
Sink in the seas, and kissing stay  
'Till his bright beams return again,  
There can of all but one remain:  
And if for one good manners call,  
In one, good manners grant me all.  
Are kisses all? they but forerun  
Another duty to be done:  
What would you of that minstrel say,  
That tunes his pipes and will not play?  
Say, what are blossoms in their prime,  
That ripen not in harvest time?  
Or what are buds that ne'er disclose,  
The long'd-for sweetness of the rose?

So kisses to a lover's guest  
Are invitations, not the feast. *Randolph.*

If I prophane with my unworthiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this;  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.  
*Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.*

I felt the while a pleasing kind of smart,  
The kiss went tingling to my panting heart:  
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay,  
The sweetness cling'd upon my lips all day,  
Like drops of honey, loath to fall away.  
*Dryden's Marriage à la mode.*

He scarce afforded one kind parting word,  
But went away so cold: the kiss he gave me  
Seem'd the forc'd compliment of fated love.  
*Otway's Orphan.*

Oh! could I give the world;  
One kiss of thine, but thus to touch thy lips,  
I were a gainer by the vast exchange.  
The fragrant infancy of opening flowers,  
Flow'd to my senses in that meeting kiss.  
*Soutberne's Disappointment.*

How could I dwell for ever on these lips!  
Oh! I could kiss 'em pale with eagerness:  
So soft, by heav'n! and such a juicy sweet,  
That ripen'd peaches have not half their flavour.  
*Dryden's Amphitryon.*

## KNOWLEDGE.

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess  
That human science is uncertain guess.

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Alas ! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,  
 Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.  
 Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb ?  
 Or who shall tell me what is space or time ?  
 In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes  
 To what our maker to their ken denies ;  
 The searcher follows fast : the object faster flies. }  
 The little, which imperfectly we find, }  
 Seduces only the bewilder'd mind }  
 To fruitless search of something yet behind. }  
 Various discussions tear our heated brain : }  
 Opinions often turn ; still doubts remain ; }  
 And who indulges thought, increases pain. }  
 How narrow limits were to wisdom giv'n ?  
 Earth she surveys ; she thence would measure  
 heav'n.

Through mists obscure now wings her tedious way ;  
 Now wanders dazzl'd with too bright a day ;  
 And from the summit of a pathless coast  
 Sees infinite, and in that path is lost.  
 Remember, that the curs'd desire to know,  
 Offspring of Adam, was thy source of woe.  
 Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,  
 And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit ?  
 With empty labour and eluded strife  
 Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life ;  
 For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,  
 Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Go, wond'rous creature ! mount where science  
 guides,  
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;  
 Instruct the planets in what orb to run ;  
 Correct old time, and regulate the sun :  
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,  
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;

Or



Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,  
 And quitting sense call imitating God;  
 As eastern priests in giddy circles run,  
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun.  
 Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule---  
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool.  
 Superior beings, when of late they saw  
 A mortal man unfold all nature's law,  
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
 And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.  
 Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,  
 Describe or fix one movement of his mind?  
 Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,  
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?  
 Alas, what wonder! man's superior part  
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;  
 But when his own great work is but begun,  
 What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

'Twas hence great Newton, mighty genius! soar'd,  
 And all creation's wond'rous range explor'd:  
 For as th' almighty stretch'd his wond'rous line,  
 He pierc'd in thought, and view'd the vast design.  
 Too long had darker ages sought in vain  
 The secret scheme of nature to explain;  
 Too long had truth escap'd each sage's eye,  
 Or faintly shone through vain philosophy.  
 Each shapeless offspring of their feeble thought,  
 A darker veil o'er genuine science brought;  
 Still stubborn facts o'erthrew their fruitless toil;  
 For truth and fiction who shall reconcile?  
 But Briton's sons a surer guide pursue,  
 Tread safe the maze, since Newton gave the clue.  
 Where'er he turn'd, true science rear'd her head,  
 While far before her puzzl'd ignorance fled!  
 From each blest truth these noble ends he draws,  
 Use to mankind, and to their God applause.

*Taught*

Taught by his rules, secure the merchant rides,  
 When dreadful seas roll high their dreadful tides,  
 And either India speeds her precious stores  
 Midst various dangers safe to Britain's shores:  
 Long as those orbs he weigh'd shall shed their  
 rays,  
 His truth shall guide us, and shall last his praise.

*Melmoth's Epist. to H. C. Esq.*

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



